Bringing history into accord with the facts in the tradition of Dr.Harry Elmer Barnes

THE BARNES REVIEW

AJOURNALOFNATIONALISTTHOUGHT &HISTORY

VOLUME XII NUMBER 5SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2006www.barnesreview.org

The Truth About Cattle Kate

The most blatant crime in the history of the American West—yet no one was ever punished—and even today the propaganda still churns. Who were Ella Watson and Jim Averell and why were they lynched without a trial?

American Archeology Turned Upside Down

The history of the Americas has been turned on its head in recent years with the discovery of Kennewick Man. But new information about ancient man in the Americas has just exploded on the scene like a supernova.

Olga Chekhova

Was Hitler's favorite Russian actress working to have the Fuehrer assassinated? Find out the latest on this little-known WWII intrigue.

9/11's Flight 93:

Does the evidence indicate it was shot down miles from where the Feds say it crashed?

Interview:

Ingrid Rimland Zuendel

The First Lady of Revisionism

ALSO:

- Gen. Leon Degrelle
- Edgar J. Steele
- Mrs. Ivor Benson
- Joaquin Bochaca
- Nuremberg lessons
- WWIIatrocity story eyed
- FDR plans poison gas attack
- More . . .

Bringing History Into Accord With the Facts in the Tradition of Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes

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A JOURNAL OF NATIONALIST THOUGHT & HISTORY

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2006 ❖ VOLUME XII ❖ NUMBER 5

TABLE OF CONTENTS

4 AN AMERICAN LYNCHING
MARGARET HUFFSTICKLER
A woman wronged, Ellen Watson (called Ella by her friends), was falsely accused of cattle rustling on the Western frontier by a greedy, psychopathic cattle baron, who not only lynched her and her husband but nearly expunged her name from the history books, dubbing her with the monicker "Cattle Kate." . . .

14 THE ENIGMA OF OLGA CHEKHOVA
DAN MICHAELS
The Russian beauty was Hitler's favorite actress. Little did he know, she was also a Soviet spy and may have been secretly plotting to assassinate him. . . .

16 THE FIRST LADY OF REVISIONISM
TBR INTERVIEW
Fascinating and brilliant in her own right, Ingrid Rimland Zuendel tells of her life and her celebrated husband, pacifist, artist and thought criminal Ernst Zuendel. . . .

22 WHAT HAPPENED TO FLIGHT 93?
LISA GULIANI
A neglected aspect of the happenings of 9-11 Day is explored by investigative reporters Lisa Guliani and Victor Thorn. They traveled to Pennsylvania to learn what really happened to Flight 93, only to run into some serious stonewalling by local muckety-mucks. Is the FBI covering something important up, as usual? . . .

30 THE ASSASSINATION OF RHODESIA
MRS. JOAN (IVOR) BENSON
Rhodesia was doomed when Ian Smith became its leader. This traitor, posing as a great patriot, gave the country away to Communist butchers. Some say the demise of the little country in southern Africa was the beginning of the end for the Western World. . . .

33 DEATH OF THE AMERICAN DREAM
JOHN TIFFANY
Book Review: A new book has been released by activist and author Robert T. Raming in which he details the secret, behind-the-scenes forces which are driving America's global interventionism and police-state clampdown here at home. Raming's *War & Death of the American Dream* is quickly moving to the top of the "must-read" list. . . .

34 TALKING TO THE BRAINWASHED
EDGAR J. STEELE
Many of us have kith and kin who are totally "mind-controlled" by the establishment on all kinds of subjects ranging from history to politics, current events, race relations, monetary policy and more. When we try to educate these folks, they act as if we are mentally ill. This is the product of a very effective brainwashing program begun in kindergarten. Here is lawyer Edgar Steele's exposition on how to "get through" to these benighted but lovable pawns. . . .

36 ICE AGE AMERICA'S 'SUPERNOVA'
JOHN TIFFANY
American archeology is undergoing a revolution—several revolutions, really. Gone is the dogma that "Clovis Man" was the original American. Gone is the theory that his ancestors came from East Asia. Now, new evidence is emerging that an astral catastrophe of cosmic proportions wiped out Clovis Man and the giant animals that roamed the Northern Hemisphere 12 millennia ago. . . .

40 HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGE
E. STANLEY RITTENHOUSE
In English, many of the words and phrases we use today were embedded in the lexicon back in the Middle Ages, an era of great upheaval and human tragedy. This was a time of rampant plague, marauding armies, poor medical knowledge, superstition and general ignorance of things we take for granted today. In this article the author explains how our language was affected by these times. . . .

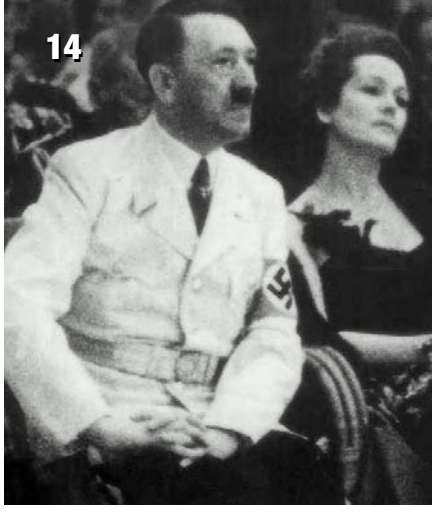
42 THE PHONY GLEIWITZ INCIDENT
JOAQUIN BOCHACA
People who learn about the concept of false flag operations tend to think they understand more than average folks about how the world works. But they too can be deceived, as when a "false flag operation" really is not. And that happens to be how the worst war in history, World War II, may have gotten its start. . . .

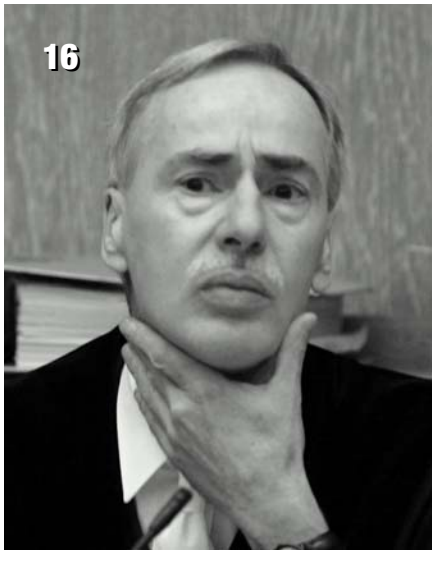
46 FDR PLANNED POISON GAS ATTACK
MIKE BLAIR
Even though the use of poison gas was outlawed by international treaty after its devastating use in WWI, presidents Franklin Roosevelt and Harry S Truman had a plan to unleash poison gas on the Japanese home islands if an American invasion was forthcoming. Here's the story. . . .

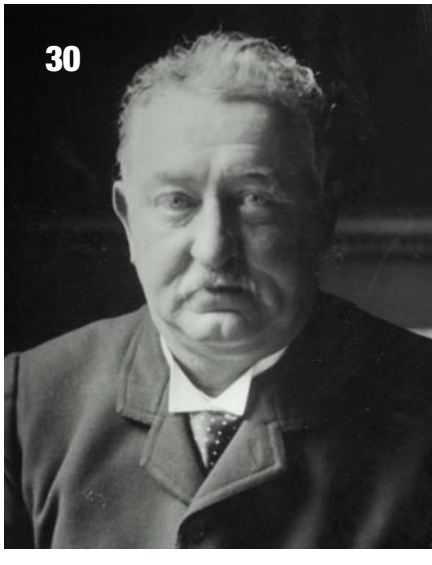
48 THE LESSONS OF NUREMBERG
WILLIS A. CARTO
Historian David Irving, now languishing in prison—a victim of the global thought police—has written a comprehensive and historically accurate book about the Nuremberg Tribunal. What lessons does it teach us? . . .

51 WWII ATROCITY YARN EXPOSED
DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE
Oradour is supposed to be a classic atrocity committed by the Germans, this time in France. But once again, things are not what they might appear to be. . . .

57 WILL BELGIUM SURVIVE?
GEN. LEON DEGRELLE
In this installment of *My Revolutionary Life*, Leon Degrelle wonders: Would there be any possible future for his little nation of Belgium—half French and half Dutch—when all the dust had settled from the titanic conflagration of Adolf Hitler versus Josef Stalin?. . .







Features:

Personal from the Editor: 2.
Editorial—Cowards with degrees: 3.
History You May Have Missed: 29.
Book Review—American nightmare: 33.
Commentary—Edgar J. Steele: 34.
Ethnic cleansing of Germans: 45.
Book Review—Irving's *Nuremberg*: 48.
Letters to the Editor: 63-64.

PERSONAL FROM THE ART DIRECTOR

This time around we are giving our readers an extremely significant issue, one that should be disseminated widely. In this issue writer and linguist John Nugent interviews "the First Lady of the Revisionist movement," Dr. Ingrid Rimland Zuendel. What Mrs. Zuendel has to say is of vast importance if we are to defeat the worldwide effort to crush Revisionism—which began in earnest with the persecution of her husband and the cyberwar against her own creation, the internet-based "Zundelsite."

Interestingly, in this interview Mrs. Zuendel is asked a pointed question, namely, why there are not more women in the Revisionist movement. In response, TBR wants to recognize just a small few of the contributions our womenfolk have made to our history and our culture. The truth is, dedicated women are actively involved in uncovering real history and in protecting our culture from annihilation. These women—and more—deserve credit for their vital contributions.

Therefore, in this issue, we are focusing on some notable women of history, and also those who write accurate (Revisionist) history.

Our lead story details a little-known yet highly important incident in American "Wild West" history—the brutal lynching of "Cattle Kate" and her husband Jim Averell. What you'll read about in this article is what we are all fighting today: corrupt, money-hungry plutocrats who are all too eager to take the law into their own hands to protect their economic stranglehold over the rest of us "proles," to use George Orwell's term. The article was submitted by Margaret Huffstickler, an accomplished musician, linguist and translator, who is responsible for bringing us the important works of the great Waffen SS Belgian Gen. Leon Degrelle (French) and Revisionist historian Joaquin Bochaca (Spanish). In publishing this article, Miss Huffstickler hopes to set the record straight about Ella Watson, certainly one of the most unfairly defamed women in American history. The smear campaign against Ella began when she was hanged and has not stopped even today.

We follow that with an article about a talented but sinister woman: Olga Chekhova, niece of famed playwright Anton Chekhov. The Russian Chekhova was Adolf Hitler's favorite actress and had a close relationship with the Fuehrer. She was seemingly a supporter of the war for the future of Europe: National Socialism vs. Bolshevism. But there's much more to this story as you will find in this article by longtime Revisionist author Dan Michaels (page 14).

Next on the agenda is an article by controversial journalist Lisa Guliani. Here she tackles the mystery of what really happened to Flight 93 around Shanksville, Pennsylvania, on Sept. 11, 2001. You'll see local officials give her "the silent treatment," but that doesn't stop Lisa from trying to get to the bottom of this super scandal. While we love stories of populism, courage and patriotism, something else seems to have downed Flight 93 (not the passengers) and it's another thing the U.S. government has kept under tight wraps since that awful day of treachery (page 22).

You'll also hear from resilient and passionate Mrs. Ivor (Joan) Benson, who takes up the torch, setting the record straight on Ian Smith, the Benedict Arnold of Rhodesia. Joan's husband—Ivor Benson—was one of Rhodesia's top populist political writers until his untimely death in 1993 (page 30).

But we have to give room to the men, too, so we offer you a review of David Irving's *Nuremberg: The Final Battle* by TBR publisher Willis A. Carto, tips on how to talk to the politically correct from "lawyer for the damned" Edgar J. Steele, a look at how World War II really started, plus the stirring memoirs of Gen. Leon Degrelle. While we're at it, we debunk an infamous WWII atrocity story, one which is a part of the foundation for the myth that all Nazis were evil monsters.

We also ask you to take a good look at Assistant Editor John Tiffany's article (page 36) which is mind boggling. Tiffany has uncovered some very well researched information which could blow apart two of the central pillars holding up the court historians' tottering edifice of ancient American dogma.

We think you will find your platter full of historical tidbits most palatable, so *bon apetit*!

PAUL ANGEL, ART DIRECTOR

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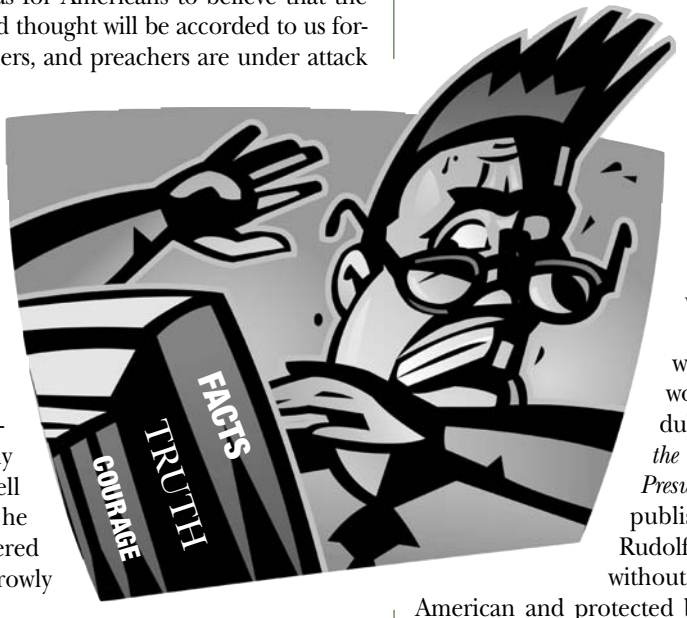
THE COWARDLY COURT HISTORIANS

As subscribers to THE BARNES REVIEW are aware, even if the vast number of Americans are not, a great struggle is under way today between the comparatively few advocates of freedom of speech against the towering might of the entire "politically correct" establishment determined to wipe out truth and to punish dissenters who courageously demand to be heard.

Among Western nations, only in America are those who fight for truth safe from jail, as hundreds at this moment languish behind bars in Europe—in the pseudo nation called Germany, Austria, England and other lands—and in Canada. Even in America, while prison is not currently an option, your life and career can be ruined for truth telling. It is dangerous for Americans to believe that the rights of freedom of speech and thought will be accorded to us forever. Even now, students, teachers, and preachers are under attack for expressing views at odds with the current regime. Eternal vigilance is truly the price of freedom.



At the core of the free speech issue across the world is the "holocaust" fable, a tangled tale that is worth uncounted billions of dollars to its purveyors, not to mention it being an open door to political power and fame, with the welcome mat thrown out to any exhibitionist with a tall tale to tell about how he, she or someone he or she knew was either murdered by the nasty Nazis or narrowly "escaped the gas chambers."

The best known of those suffering punishment at this time by occupying a jail cell is David Irving, a professional historian whose works have enlightened millions of readers. Do we hear an outburst of rage from other historians who realize that if the freedom of one historian is stomped on, their own freedom is jeopardized? No, the cowardly "court historians," as our namesake Harry Elmer Barnes labeled them, are silent as the grave. And we heard rumors that Irving has suffered a stroke. Will he die in an Austrian prison? Will his three-year sentence turn out to be a life sentence for telling the truth as he sees it? Time will tell.

Then there is Ernst Zuendel, a German pacifist who wouldn't hurt a fly. He has lived a productive life as an artist. Living with his American wife in Tennessee, interviewed in this issue, he was suddenly pounced on, arrested and shipped off to Canada, and eventually from there to Germany, there to rot in jail.

Not one of the court newspapers or commentators will tell the truth about Germany, which—61 years after its defeat—is still an occupied nation without a peace treaty or national sovereignty, and which is governed by political prostitutes who are responsible not to the German people but to the Zionists.

Then there is Germar Rudolf, who, before his capture, was an amazingly prolific writer and publisher of Revisionist works. Rudolf's *Dissecting the Holocaust* stands as the most definitive work on the subject, and we know of no critic who has challenged any of the thousands of facts to be found in this compendium. Tearing him away from his pregnant wife in Chicago, the Zionists arranged to have him shipped to the artificial nation now known as Germany, where he sits in jail awaiting a trial we predict will be as artificial as the state of Germany itself.

These three—Zuendel, Rudolf and Irving—are just a few of the hundreds of honest men who have told the truth about the holocaust and suffered for it. Those deserving honorable mention are numerous. Among them are the Australian, Dr. Fredrick Töben, who served time in a German prison cell and whose personal tale was related by him during this magazine's conference which concluded on September 3.

Dr. Arthur Butz, a professor at Northwestern University, wrote the seminal work on the "holyhoax," as it has been dubbed by Michael Hoffman, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century: The Case Against the Presumed Extermination of European Jewry*, first published in 1976 (See page 21.—Ed.). Rudolf published a new edition three years ago without any change in the text. Butz, being an American and protected by his tenure at Northwestern, remains free in spite of physical and editorial attacks by the Zionist element.

A tyranny that must be upheld by penal punishment and is an enemy of truth cannot last because the punishment alone refutes the argument. If something must be upheld by terror, this in itself is proof of its falsity. Historically, how many tyrants have learned this? There is no doubt that already more and more honest Americans and Europeans have learned the truth about the holocaust lies and are speaking out. Today no person can seriously argue that 6 million Jews were genocidally gassed to death in World War II Germany without at least some in the audience knowing that he or she lies, knowingly or unknowingly.

Surely, the holocaust has been enormously profitable for the Zionists, but we see the end of it approaching. Those who have denounced the lie will be honored. It will not be long before the lie is commonly acknowledged as such—and the world will be a better place for it.

❖

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATTLE KATE

WYOMING HISTORY'S FORBIDDEN SUBJECT

THE WILD WEST STORY OF THE LEGENDARY "CATTLE KATE" (Ella Watson) and her husband, Jim Averell, exemplifies many important Revisionist issues: heroism, resistance to tyranny, ruthless moneyed interests, character assassination, a brilliant psychopathic antagonist, the murder and intimidation of witnesses, a battle between the "presstitute" and honest media, and an undying crusade for honest history. All these factors fueled an all-out war on the range between plutocrats ready to stop at nothing and regular Americans who demand the rule of truth and law.

BY MARGARET HUFFSTICKLER

Right before noon on Saturday, July 20, 1889, a beautiful, hot sunny day in the lush Sweetwater Valley of the Wyoming Territory, 28-year-old Ellen Watson and her hired hand, 15-year-old John DeCorey, were walking across the grassy fields toward her homestead, which sat on 160 acres of verdant riverside meadows (bottom land).

Ellen, sometimes called Ella, was very tall for the time at 5'8," buxom and sturdy, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and a sweet smile. She was wearing the sunbonnet that had been made for her by her neighbor, Mrs. Fales, and a dress she had made for herself on her own sewing machine—one of the few pieces of furniture in the fir log cabin Mrs. Fales's son, John, had helped her build.[1]

She was carrying her sturdy lace-up boots in her hand; on her feet were brand-new, pretty, Shoshone Indian beadwork moccasins. She and John DeCorey were taking the morning off from digging irrigation ditches, making fences and building an animal shed.

The Shoshone Indians had been camp-

ing down by the Sweetwater River. She and John had left early to walk the three miles there and back. From the Indians, she had bought these moccasins covered with white beads, with triangles of red and turquoise and bars of brown splashed across the white; they can still be seen in the Wyoming State Museum.

As Ella and John DeCorey walked northward across the pasture of their nearest neighbor, Albert John Bothwell, they could see to their left the few buildings that made up what Bothwell rather optimistically called the Town of Bothwell.

"Life had become tough over the last years for the big cattle ranchers. They had assumed that the whole state of Wyoming would be theirs forever, and a great way to become almost instant millionaires."

Ahead of them they could see her two-room cabin with its apple-green window frames and flower boxes in the windows, and, extending to the east, the fenced corral and livestock shed she and the young DeCorey had built with their own hands. Ella liked pretty things, like all women, but she also built sturdy things. She was physically very strong and practical, an ideal mate for a Wild West settler like Jim Averell.

Awaiting her at her homestead was Gene Crowder, in the corral trying to catch a loose pony. Gene was an 11-year-old boy whose father was too poor to care for him adequately. Perceiving the situation and out of pure kindness of heart, Miss Watson had taken Gene in and unofficially adopted him.

Ella obviously liked children and teenagers very much. She had been the first of 10 surviving Watson children in Canada, and with her mother down much of the time giving birth, Ella had become an experienced and caring substitute mother to many siblings.

Young Gene was now waiting at Ella's homestead as she and DeCorey were returning from their successful shopping expedition.

At the same moment, although Ellen couldn't see them yet, her neighbor Albert John Bothwell was approaching her homestead from the west with five other ranchers, armed. Since it was the weekend of the summer cattle roundup, in which all the big ranchers participated, it had been easy for him to get them all together.

Bothwell had invited them to his house for a meeting on what he had said was an urgent matter. At his urging they had ended up drinking on a Saturday morning. Tom Sun was with them in his new white-topped buggy and the others were on horseback: Ernest McLean, Robert "Captain" Galbraith, John Henry Durbin, Robert Conner and Bothwell himself.

About a mile to the southwest, Jim Averell was loading empty beer bottles into his wagon to take them north 80 miles to be refilled in the brewery in Casper. Jim, besides being the local U.S. postmaster, notary public and the local justice of the peace, ran a typical "road ranch," a combination general store and eatery for the cowboys, where he served beer. His nephew Ralph Cole, who had come from Wisconsin to visit for the summer, would look after the road ranch while Jim was gone. The young cowboy Frank Buchanan, a close friend who often helped Jim and Ellen with their work improving their homesteads, was there as well.

And finally, on the roof of one of the four buildings in the so-called town of Bothwell, the home of the newly established *Bothwell Courier,* its two journalists, H.B. Fetz, editor and J.B. Speer, assistant editor, were standing on the roof, watching with interest, binoculars already in hand, the events that were about to unfold.

* * *

Life had become tougher over the last years for the big cattle ranchers. They had assumed that the whole state of Wyoming would be theirs forever, and a great way to become almost instant millionaires. Life and wealth were relatively easy: just drive the cattle over the free federal grassland, fatten them up, and then, after the big summer roundup, all the ranchers together would drive them to the slaughterhouses or

Shown above is a photograph of Ella Watson and her first husband, William Pickell. Jim Averell (Ella's second husband) and Ella worked hard, took advantage of the cheap price of good land in the Wyoming Territory and obtained legal title to a prime plot of land in the Sweetwater Valley. Local cattle barons, who believed they owned the West, were enraged to see prime cattle grazing land go to upstart homesteaders. They concocted a story that Ella had rustled the cattle she had purchased, grabbed her and Jim, bound them, hauled them off into the wilderness and lynched them. Facing page: Devil's Gate, a rock formation that would have been in view directly ahead of Jim and Ella as they were kidnapped up the Sweetwater River to the site of their lynching.

The British Beef Bonanza & the Cheyenne Club

Wyoming's capital since 1869, Cheyenne became, from the late 1870s through the 1880s, the Wild West's ultimate bastion of cattle-barony, the richest city *per capita* in the world, and undoubtedly the most *nouveau riche*. Years before Wyoming became a state, in 1890, Cheyenne boasted its own opera house, electric power throughout, and the sumptuous Cheyenne Club.

Inside the walls of this baronial sanctum, constructed in 1880, even such British-import cattlemen as Sir Horace Plunkett, Moreton Frewen and Oliver Wallop could kick back and imagine they were back in their home clubs.

Its posh fittings included two grand staircases, rooms for billiards, cards and smoking, wine vaults, a reading lounge and a plush-carpeted sitting room with red velvet floor-to-ceiling draperies. Polo and tennis were the sports of choice for the cattleocracy, and black-tie or formal military dress was *de rigueur* for dinner. Members dined on fresh oysters and imported French champagne, smoked fine Havana cigars and entertained such celebrities as Oscar Wilde and his friend, the "Jersey Lily," Lillie Langtry, an international beauty, actress, royal mistress, gold digger and, finally, California winegrower. She was famous for writing to another widow: "I too lost a husband, but alas, it was no loss."

Alexander Hamilton Swan, president of three Wyoming cattle companies, who sold out to a British limited liability company for the sum of $2,555,825, retaining for himself the $10,000 per year position of general manager, was fired when it was found that the actual number of cattle was at least 30,000 less than represented and the company had been cheated out of more than $800,000.

Swan was later quoted as saying: "In our business we are often compelled to do certain things which, to the inexperienced, seem a little crooked."

Crooked or not, until the sudden downturn in profits in the to trains taking them to the slaughterhouses of Chicago or Denver. In 1881, an exuberant rancher wrote a book entitled, *The Beef Bonanza, or How to Get Rich on the Plains*—one of several that came out around 1879-1881 vaunting the endless money-making potential of the vast Wyoming plains, replete, so said the books, with "inexhaustible" grasslands, "mild climate" and "abundant water," luring investors from as far away as the British Isles.

The ranchers had their problems, though: one was that often they possessed no legal claim at all to the enormous open spaces they were using as if they were God-given to cattle barons. Trouble came with the farmer-settlers and small ranchers—often former cowboys themselves who had once worked for the cattle barons. The latter had in fact taken the trouble to file legitimate claims at the U.S. Land Office for their 160 acres per person or 320 acres per couple. They had agreed to improve the land over the course of three years: fencing in the land, diverting water through the irrigation ditches they had dug from the rivers to their fields and crops, and putting up homes, stock sheds and other structures.

All of these steps meant that every year there was less free space and less water for the cattle barons and their vast, thirsty, hungry herds, which had already started to overgraze the land by 1884, resulting in skinny herds no one wanted to buy. And even if some of the ranchers had good beef to sell, the prices, owing to a glut on the market that had begun the year before, were half what they had been in 1880.

The horrific Great Die-Off of the winter of 1886-1887, 54 straight days (in some places) of snow and unbearable cold, was the deathblow to much of the cattle baron wealth across the region. One Wyoming observer, Andy Adams, wrote about the die-off in his 1907 novel *Reed Anthony*:

> Early in January the worst blizzard in the history of the plains swept down from the north, and the poor wandering cattle were driven to the divides and frozen to death against the line fences. We were powerless to relieve the drifting cattle. The morning after the great storm, with others, I rode to a south string of fence on a divide, and found thousands of our cattle huddled against it, many frozen to death, partially through and partially hanging on the wire.
>
> We cut the fences in order to allow them to drift on to shelter, but the legs of many of them were so badly frozen that, when they moved, the skin cracked open and their hoofs dropped off. Hundreds of young steers were wandering aimlessly around on hoofless stumps, while their tails cracked and broke like icicles. In angles and nooks of the fence, hundreds had perished against the wire, their bodies forming a scaling ladder permitting late arrivals to walk over the dead and dying as they passed on with the fury of the storm.
>
> I had been a soldier and seen sad sights, but nothing to compare to this; the moaning of the cattle freezing to death would

1880s—caused by overgrazing, market glut, rampant fraud, the "Great Die-Off" (during the winter of 1886-87), and the spread of homesteaders—some British "cattle-barons" were realizing as much as a 30% to 60% return on their investment.

MORETON FREWEN

Among those who left Wyoming after the "Great Cattle Die-Off" of 1886-87 was a proper English dandy of noble birth, and Winston Churchill's uncle-by-marriage, Moreton Frewen (1853-1924). Owing to his unique entrepreneurial gifts, he was popularly renamed "Mortal Ruin" Reportedly, he arrived in Wyoming with 16,000 pounds sterling and departed owing 30,000 pounds. He also convinced others of the English nobility to invest in Wyoming cattle, with mixed results. Frewen is now most remembered for his log mansion on Powder River, which boasted, among other things, a solid walnut staircase. Locals called it "Frewen's Castle"; he called it "my shooting box" (hunting lodge). Here Frewen entertained the rich and famous of the British empire with lavish hunting parties until he left and it burned down.

LORD DUNRAVEN

One of those persuaded by "Mortal Ruin" to take the plunge was the infamous Lord Dunraven, a onetime European brothel owner known correctly as the Right Honorable Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, fourth earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl. At 33, he embarked on a sporting adventure to Yellowstone National Park. His account of the expedition, said one source, "is delightful reading but contains very little information." Dunraven is still in ill repute for illegally homesteading 15,000 acres in the Colorado Rockies as his private "game preserve," and his ghost is still said to scare chambermaids out of the Estes Park Hotel, according to the manager. It is now part of Estes Park and Rocky Mountain and Theodore Roosevelt National Parks. A mountain man named Jim Nugent, wounded and dying, claimed the right honorable lord had him shot for his squatter's land.

HORACE CURZON PLUNKETT

Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett, third son of the 16th Lord Dunsany of Meath in then-British Ireland, was Moreton Frewen's partner in the Western Livestock and Land Company and the Powder River Cattle Company, as well as president of the Frontier Land and Cattle Company. He returned to Ireland after the disastrous winter of 1886-87. The lessons he learned in the West stood him in good stead, however, and he is now remembered as the father of Irish agriculture. For the remainder of his life he was noted for his use of cowboy metaphors.

> have melted a heart of adamantine. All we could do was to cut the fences and let them drift, for to halt was to die; and when the storm abated one could have walked for miles on the bodies of dead animals.

After the die-off, a disaster both for the cattle and for their barons, only the richest and toughest big ranchers had avoided the general "pull-out." They were the survivors, the "stick-it-outs." Many other ranchers and investors had gone bankrupt and had fled back East or even across the ocean to their native England, Ireland and Scotland. At this point also, many cowboys who had worked for the now-bankrupt cattle barons became by necessity independent small ranchers themselves.

The issue of water rights now became acute. For a dry state like Wyoming to grow crops, fields had to be massively irrigated (as in California). But the ranchers needed that water too for their cattle and to grow hay for them.

Put a big rancher next to a small settler, with the rancher viewing all the land and water rights as his by tradition (with or without a legal claim) and the settler brandishing his official and legal claim to the land, and you had an explosive situation. It was the survival of the most forceful, with many guns around as everywhere in the West, and very tough men on both sides. Those homesteaders who had moved thousands of miles with their hungry families to farm or run small ranches were not about to be scared off by a rancher with a dubious legal claim—or none at all—and especially not to someone who had appropriated far more land than any one human being needed.

In the case of Jim Averell and Ellen (Ella) Watson, they were very well aware of their legal rights vis-à-vis their big rancher neighbor, Albert Bothwell. They had the piece of paper, and that sufficed for them to stay.

* * *

Ellen Watson was born in 1860 in Ontario province, Canada of a Scottish father, Thomas Watson, and an Irish mother, Frances Close. Her family moved to Kansas in 1877, where Thomas filed a homestead claim. There Ellen met one William Pickell and married him in 1879. Unfortunately Pickell was a drinker and wife-beater, and in January 1883, after he used a horsewhip on her, she fled back to the safety of her parents.

She lived there for about a year, working at the farm of a wealthy neighbor as a cook and domestic.

Then, plagued by her husband's repeated attempts to get her to come back to him, she traveled to Red Cloud, Nebraska, about 14 miles away, filing for divorce on February 14, 1884, and asking for her maiden name back. Meanwhile, she obtained work again as a cook at Red Cloud's Royal Hotel. She had a reputation as an excellent preparer of meals and a hard worker; her employers were always very fond of her.

Her father later described her thus:

She was a fine girl, of handsome form, strong and rugged, but modest and unassuming, with not a particle of fastness [as in "a fast woman"] in her action or disposition. Her reputation was the best and she was always considered a splendid worker.

Growing tired of waiting for her divorce to become final, she moved, toward the end of 1884—and against her parents' wishes—to Denver, Colorado, where a brother was living. Lured from there to Cheyenne, Wyoming by accurate accounts of its great wealth, she soon found that the boomtown atmosphere of Cheyenne was not to her liking. She traveled even farther west to the smaller town of Rawlins, Wyoming in late 1885, where she again obtained work as a cook and domestic, this time at the most respectable hostelry and boardinghouse in town, Rawlins House.

On February 24, 1886, she met a handsome young diner at the Rawlins House, a man named James Averell, born near her home in Ontario, who was in Rawlins to file a claim on his 160-acre homestead 60 miles to the northeast near the Sweetwater River. Immediately, the two fell for each other and began to court.

Jim had been a soldier for 10 years at various forts in Utah and Wyoming and Sgt. Averell had become a respected horseman, fighter against Indians and renegades in Montana, a telegraph builder and an excellent surveyor who knew whose land went how far. In Buffalo, Wyoming, in 1880, the 5'6" Averell, in self-defense, had shot and killed—after verbal warnings and a warning shot—a known mean-drunk cowboy, brawler and bully, the 6'2" Charlie Johnson. Averell was jailed but finally released; numerous distinguished citizens had vouched for him.

In the course of their courtship, Jim invited Ella to come live at his ranch to cook for the cowboys stopping in, charging them 50 cents per meal and keeping it all for herself. He also suggested that she too could file a homestead claim.

Ellen's divorce became final in March. In early May she and Jim drove to Landers, a small town 105 miles to the west, on the Shoshone reservation, where they filled out and signed a marriage license. Ellen signed the document "Ellen Liddy Andrews," and the third and last part of the license was left unsigned. Why the false name, the out-of-the-way location and the unsigned final section?

JIM AVERELL'S LETTER TO *THE CASPER DAILY MAIL*

The frank letter that Jim Averell wrote to the *Casper Daily Mail* illustrates a Turkish proverb: "He who speaks the truth should have one foot in the stirrup."

We have now had some time to think the matter [of dividing Carbon County] over and listened to both sides of the question, and we find two distinct views of the matter: namely, the settlers who have come here to live and make Wyoming their homes, and the land grabber who is only here as a speculator in land under the Desert Land Act.[1]

The former are in favor of dividing Carbon County, believing it to be for the welfare and proper development of the country and the latter are opposed to the organization of Natrona County, or anything else that would settle and improve the country or make it anything but a cow pasture for Eastern speculators.

It is wonderful how much land some of the land sharks own—in their own minds—and how firmly they are organized to prevent Wyoming from being settled up. Said one high-toned land grabber: "If my name were added to your petition, it would have some weight, because I own some 15 sections of land [9,600 acres] and 58 miles of barbwire fence." In this, he advances the idea that a poor man has no say in the affairs of his country—in which he is wrong, as the future land owners of Wyoming will be the people yet to come, as most of those large tracts are so fraudulently entered now that they must ultimately change hands and give the public domain to the honest settler, and then the land will be cultivated.

What better proof do we want of Wyoming's fertility than that one acre will produce 400 bushels of potatoes or 75 bushels of the best oats in the world, and then to hear the land grabber cry out that Wyoming is a desert.

Is it not enough to see the Sweetwater River owned—or claimed—for a distance of 75 miles from its mouth by three or four men?

Said a Rawlins visitor [referring to Albert Bothwell?]: "The taxpayers of Bothwell are anything but favorable to the organization of Natrona County."

Do not be misled by the matter of the town of Bothwell. There is not one house in that town, and you can with safety say that the town of Bothwell is only a geographical expression, and its influence cannot go far against the new county organization. If something can be done to settle the county up and use the beautiful water of its many streams, which are now going to waste, have Natrona County organized.[2]

It is one of the Sweetwater land grabbers who is now opposed to the settlement of Wyoming or the organization of Natrona County.

Not wishing to disguise myself in the matter, I remain yours truly,

—JAMES AVERELL, February 7, 1889

ENDNOTES:

[1]This was an 1877 federal law to promote irrigation and agriculture on arid and semi-arid Western land; desert land-claimers got 640 acres and had three years to irrigate and start producing crops. An estimated 95% of the desert land claims were fraudulent, often made by cattle barons.

[2]Averell then demands the revocation of the Desert Land Act, and asks who is trying to force every Wyoming county to put up a huge bond for a privately owned railroad tunnel through local mountains. He means "Captain" Robert Galbraith, one of the men who would later lynch him.

Probably because there was a law against husbands and wives filing separate homestead claims. This way they were, to all intents and purposes, married: i.e. she could mention Jim to her folks at home as her "husband." But by leaving that last part unsigned (and keeping the whole thing secret), they could consider themselves just "engaged" until after Ella had proved on her claims. (This was in an era of much more outlandish claims by the cattle barons.) Their friends, in fact, spoke of them as being "engaged."

On June 29, 1886, Jim was appointed postmaster at the newly created Sweetwater Post Office, and he received additional appointments as a justice of the peace and as a notary public. These appointments would create additional traffic through his little restaurant and general store.

He filed on an additional 160 acres about a mile and a half from his roadranch, along Horse Creek, which fed in from the northern mountains into the Sweetwater River coming from the west. He also obtained water rights. Jim could now control the water flowing into the Sweetwater from Horse Creek. In later days he would build irrigation ditches, using early ditch-digging machines rented in Rawlins, Wyoming. This second plot of land was in the shape of an L. Ellen was homesteading the other L-shaped land next to his in order to create, jigsaw puzzle-like, a 320-acre square that they could legally control—including the Horse Creek and Sweetwater River waters that were passing through, water that Albert Bothwell had always taken for granted as his from 1883, when he had moved in and when there were no settlers. In any case, his cattle needed water in summer heat that could soar to 120 degrees, and he needed water to irrigate his huge hay meadows to the north and east. He was using the entire 100-mile Sweetwater Valley and up to the Rattlesnake Range.

Ellen filed her official homestead claim at the Land Office in Cheyenne on March 23, 1888. She and Jim together now owned those 320 acres, on probation for three years, like all claimants, with the prospect of 320 acres more for Ella under the federal Desert Land Act of 1877 and 160 more for Jim: a grand total of 640 acres on top of the 320 under the Homestead Act. This did not include Jim's "road ranch" plot. This much land was not an extravagant amount of land for a couple to farm in the nearly unpopulated West.

It was, however, "plunk in the middle" of what Bothwell considered "his" best pastureland—the lush, grassy meadows where Horse Creek coming down from the north emptied into the Sweetwater River flowing over from the west. Not only did Jim and Ella now have a real, legal claim to Bothwell's never-claimed pastureland, but also between them they had just sewn up all the water rights there.

Who Was Jim Averell?

Widely known as a very nice man, but one who could not be fooled or intimidated, Jim Averell (right) knew when he was in the right. He was a U.S. postmaster and a justice of the peace and a respected surveyor. He had been appointed to positions by the president of the United States (Grover Cleveland) and by the governor of the Wyoming Territory, Thomas Moonlight. All this gave him the confidence to write what he did (see Averell's letter on page 8)—even a seeming cockiness that provoked the ruthless local plutocrats. His murder and that of his wife Ella would eventually bring on the Johnson County War.

The setting was this: big ranchers were illegally grabbing land in the lush green Sweetwater Valley (land to which they had absolutely no legal claim). They wanted to keep the whole state as their own unpopulated grazing grounds, directly contrary to U.S. policy, which was to settle the West, not let cattle roam freely all over. The situation that occasioned his letter to the paper was that the small ranchers and farmers wanted to split off the northern section of huge Carbon County, Wyoming to make a new county, "Natrona," whose government would be more responsive to them and not in the pocket of the cattle kings—exactly, of course, what the cattle kleptocrats did not want. (Natrona County was eventually created, as James Averell advocated, on April 8, 1890.)

Meanwhile, the big cattle owners of the area had been illegally filing claims to much of the good area land. By placing movable cabins on their claims, literally "mobile homes," they dared to claim that the property had been "improved," a strict requirement of the Homestead Act of 1862. After the claim was filed, they would then place logs under the cabins and roll them on again to another homestead property, repeating the process over and over again with their rolling real estate, under various claimant names. (The cattle barons often required, as a condition of being hired, that their cowboy employees file claims in their own names as proxies for the ranch-owners).

Jim Averell, as a justice of the peace and politically aware citizen, wrote a letter to the prominent *Casper Daily Mail*, which infuriated the large cattlemen.

Furthermore, Averell, like many inhabitants of Wyoming, then and now, was an enemy of the high and mighty, and most especially of the pretentious. It was thus no surprise that his letter makes reference to Albert Bothwell's pet project, a four-building "town" that he had narcissistically named "Bothwell." (Perhaps Bothwell was imitating Alexander the Great, who founded several Alexandrias.)

It was obvious to the public that Bothwell was trying to throw his weight around with his spurious town; he had proclaimed, both in the *Bothwell Courier* (the newspaper he had bankrolled to cover the "news" in this four-building hamlet) and in brochures targeting the rich and credulous at home and abroad, that Bothwell was, yes, "the next capital of Wyoming." (Bothwell no longer exists.)

One can see from the easy style and tight reasoning of Averell's letter why he was rumored (inaccurately) to have studied at an Ivy League college back East. In fact he had completed only one year of high school; he was basically self-educated. He must have made good use of his time in the military. Clearly, judging by the letter, he was utterly fearless.

However, by signing that letter, Averell had signed his own death warrant.

That same year of 1888, in a sign of the times, the Wyoming territorial legislature, under massive pressure from the many small ranchers, repealed the controversial "maverick law" of 1884, which in effect said that any unbranded newborn calves found on the range would automatically, and outrageously, go to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association (the cattle barons).

In the fall of 1888, a passing Nebraskan was driving 28 head of footsore and run-down (hence cheap) cattle through the Sweetwater Valley. They were so ill that their owner sold them to Ellen for a mere $1 a head—better than having them die on the trail. Ellen did not know it, but this seemingly innocuous purchase would have dire consequences.

In March of the next year, 1889, she bought an already-registered brand, "LU," from small rancher John Crowder, but waited to brand the cattle, as was customary, until they had fully recovered their health, around mid-July of 1889, the time of the annual roundup. She also wanted to avoid causing "calvy" cows to miscarry by branding them, and many were in fact pregnant around this time. With so many of her cows calving, the 28 head grew to 41 by the time of the summer roundup.

Meanwhile, Albert Bothwell, accustomed to using the whole Sweetwater Valley and more as his pastureland, approached Ella Watson several times with offers to buy her out, but she refused, saying: "I prefer the land to the money."

That was not, however, the end of it. Jim Averell had sold Bothwell the water rights the latter needed, and at a low price, but water rights were sold by the year, and after several sharp exchanges between the two men, Averell had put Bothwell in his place: threaten me and I just may not allow you to renew your water rights.

This was a photo Ella staged to send to her worried parents in Kansas. She posed in one of her best "get-ups." Her horse is actually unsaddled; when she rode, it was always side-saddle, like other women.

In the midst of this reciprocal chest beating, James Averell wrote a logical, but stingingly defiant letter on February 7, 1889, to the *Casper Daily Mail*, ridiculing the big ranchers, the micro-town of Bothwell and one of Bothwell's cattle baron friends.

Averell and Watson began to discover skulls and crossbones scrawled on their doorways by Bothwell's cowboys.

On the morning of July 20, 1889, a Wyoming Stock Growers Association "stock detective," George Henderson, rode through Ella's pasture and observed her fresh "LU" brands on her little herd of 41 cattle.

Of course, from the fall of the previous year, when the original cattle had been ill, until recently, Ella had held back (for solid stock growing reasons) from branding them. But for George Henderson, who was nothing but a WSGA "enforcer" (who later would play a most sinister role), these fresh brands were all the excuse he needed to claim Ella Watson was a no-good cattle rustler.

He quickly rode to tell Bothwell what he had seen—which Bothwell welcomed as "proof" of illegal cattle branding. Seeing this phony crime as his opportunity to solve his real estate and neighbor problems, Bothwell assembled all the cattlemen who were nearby for the cattle roundup, and held a war council at his home. A number of the big ranchers wanted no part of what they were hearing and left, but five remained to hear out Bothwell. The whiskey was flowing, and the anger began building. Bothwell, in spite of being, at 35, younger than any of the other men, was in fact a natural leader, or misleader, of men.

A problem of cattle rustling did exist in Wyoming and throughout the West, although for the most part it was not committed by the respectable homesteaders who now composed much of the Wyoming population. In fact, several Wyoming cattle barons were themselves rustlers, but too powerful to lynch.

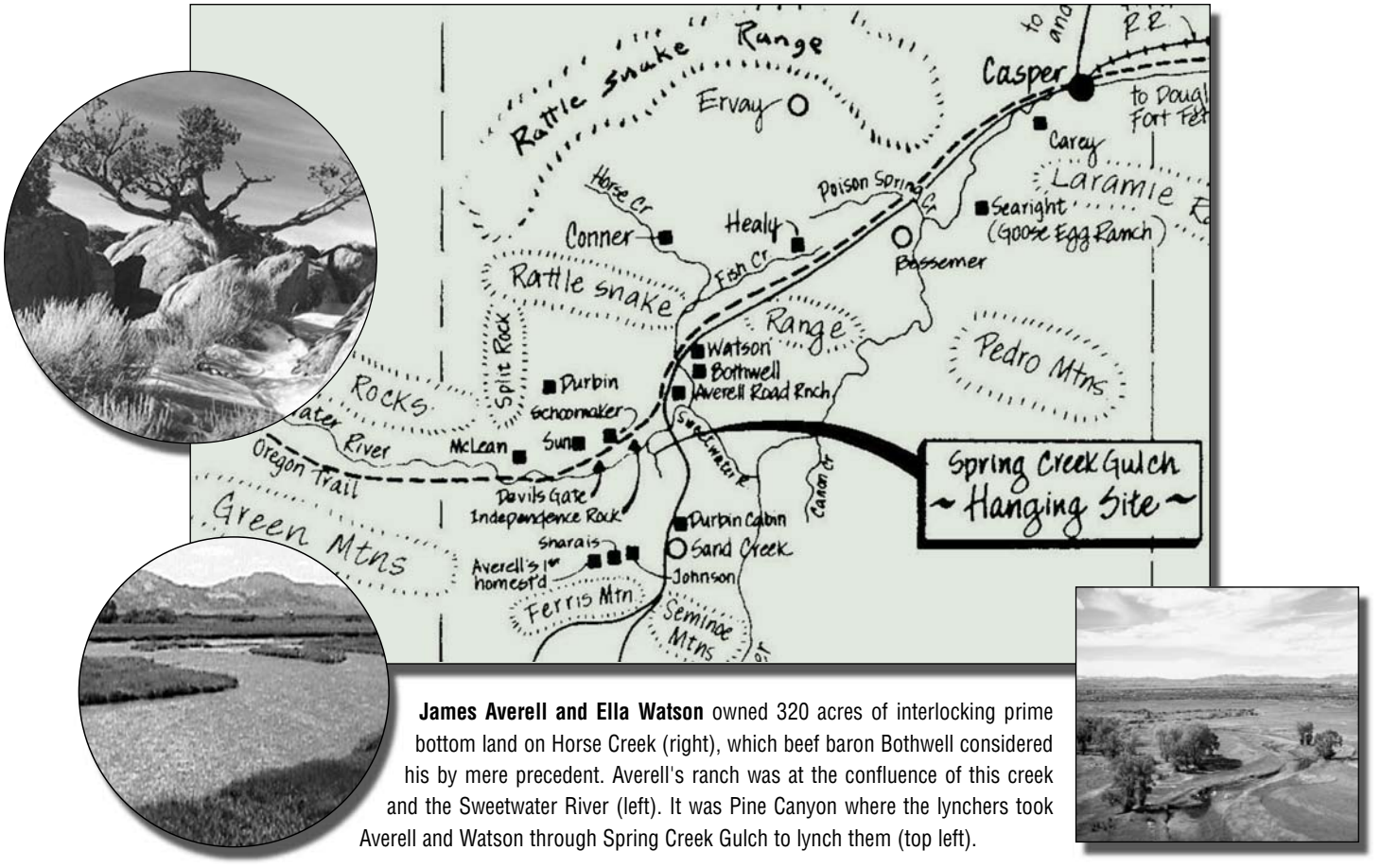
In any case, rustling was highly resented, and had been a capital offense going back to English common law. It was not overly hard to get at least some of these drinking ranchers "all fired up." Neighbor rancher Tom Sun vehemently protested the younger man's proposals, but whatever was said at this unrecorded session, Bothwell somehow prevailed. The widely respected, upstanding Tom Sun ended up going along with the others, bringing up the rear in his new white-roofed buggy.

And so we come back to the beginning: Ella Watson walking home from the Shoshone campgrounds, pleased as punch with her new moccasins, and chatting with her young hired hand John DeCorey. Over at his road ranch, Jim Averell was heaving more beer-bottle "empties" onto his wagon for the refill ride to Casper.

And six armed ranchers were approaching Ella's homestead. At this time, most Wyomingites off the range did not go armed. Within the state, it was not yet a time of blatant murder and civil war.

What happened next we hear from the 11-year-old Gene Crowder, whose interview was published two weeks later, on August 3, 1889, in the *Carbon County Journal*.

> I was at Ella's trying to catch a pony when the men rode up. John Durbin took down the wire fence and drove the cattle out while McLean and Conners kept Ella from going into the house. After a while they told her to get into the wagon and she



James Averell and Ella Watson owned 320 acres of interlocking prime bottom land on Horse Creek (right), which beef baron Bothwell considered his by mere precedent. Averell's ranch was at the confluence of this creek and the Sweetwater River (left). It was Pine Canyon where the lynchers took Averell and Watson through Spring Creek Gulch to lynch them (top left).

asked them where they were going. They told her to Rawlins.

She wanted to go into the house and change her clothes, but they would not permit her to do so and made her get into the wagon. She got in then and we all started toward Jim's.

I tried to ride around the cattle and get ahead, but Bothwell took hold of my pony's bridle and made me stay with them. I then stayed with Durbin and helped him drive the cattle and the others went ahead and met Jim, who was starting to Casper, just inside his second gate.

They made him throw up his hands and I think told him they had a warrant for his arrest, for after they made him unhitch his team, they all came up where the cattle were and Jim asked Durbin where the warrant was. Durbin and Bothwell both drew their guns on him and told him that was warrant enough.

They made Jim get in the wagon and then drove back a-ways and around the north side of the rocks. John DeCorey and I hurried down to Jim's house and told the folks there that they had taken Jim and Ella and were driving around the rocks with them.

Frank Buchanan got on a horse and followed them, and was gone several hours. When he came back, he told us they had hung Jim and Ella.

Frank Buchanan was that young cowboy friend of Jim and Ella who would lend them a hand around their homesteads and had, in fact, helped Ella brand her cattle. When interviewed, he said that when the boys Gene and John told him that "Jim and Ella" were being taken away by a mob, he got his revolver and horse and went around the west end of the rocks and saw them going toward the Sweetwater River. The ranchers and their captives drove into the ford and followed up the bed of the seasonally low Sweetwater River for about two miles, once stopping a long time in the water and arguing loudly. But he could not understand what they said.

After they came out of the river on the south side they went toward the mountains and turned into Spring Creek Gulch, which led into the timber and among the rocks. Buchanan then rode around on the south side of these rocky hills, tied his horse and crawled over to within earshot of where the party was talking.

Albert Bothwell put a rope around Jim's neck and had it tied to the limb of a scrub pine tree. He told Jim to be game and jump off the rock he was standing on. Ernest McLean was trying to put a rope around Ella's neck, but she was dodging her head so that he was not succeeding. Buchanan continues:

> I opened fire on them, but do not know whether I hit anyone or not. They turned and began shooting at me. I unloaded my revolver twice, but had to run as they were shooting at me with Winchesters. I ran to my horse and rode to the ranch and told them Jim and Ella were hung and then I started to Casper. I went through Bothwell's pasture and it was getting dark. I got lost and pulled up at Tex's ranch about three o'clock next morning. The hanging took place about 12 hours before.[2]

The lynchers had run two of their light cowboy lariats as makeshift hanging ropes over one and the same weak limb of the scrub

THE FATE OF THE SIX LYNCHERS

ALBERT BOTHWELL stayed in the Sweetwater Valley, the scene of the crime, for 20 more years, despite living in constant fear of reprisals. His only friend was Tom Sun. Bothwell put his buildings up on rollers and skidded them right onto Jim Averell's property, thereafter residing on the land of a man he'd strangled. He then rolled all Jim's and Ella's buildings over onto his original property. He built a huge enclosure on the west approach to "his" ranch, placing therein four vicious gray wolves. He would ride over to Tom Sun's ranch by a secret path, and always armed. Incredibly, both he and Tom Sun were elected by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association to its Executive Committee and served there for years.

One writer, Lester C. Hunt, said he visited, in November 1918, a shattered, grotesque Bothwell, "bereft of all human dignity" and mumbling about "that whore" and "that thief" in an insane asylum in Los Angeles. An online source—a Bothwell interested in her genealogy and aware of her relative's crime—said however that he had "unfortunately died peacefully," a satisfied psychopath, in 1928 and was buried in Glendale Cemetery next to his Los Angeles mistress.

ROBERT GALBRAITH suffered many indignities and threats to himself and his family. He moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, with the huge profits from the sale of his ranch and became a prominent banker.

ERNEST MCLEAN, facing heavy ridicule and contempt in the Sweetwater Valley, like many other lynchers, moved away and basically vanished from history.

JOHN DURBIN, the one who quickly sold off Ella's cattle, also was forced out of the valley and the whole state of Wyoming by public outrage. He moved to Denver, Colorado, where he made millions in slaughterhouses and meatpacking, and was friendly with several governors.

ROBERT CONNER hurriedly sold out (for millions) and moved back to his native Mauch Chunk (now Jim Thorpe), Pennsylvania. He succeeded in utterly concealing his Wyoming past, but it appears something had changed within him. He became the generous friend of the poor, the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, and "was very modest and retired in conversation."

TOM SUN stuck it out in the Sweetwater Valley, like Albert Bothwell. His family still lives and works at the Sun Ranch, which is one of the largest and most prestigious in Wyoming. His descendants loyally believe what their ancestor told them about Ella Watson and Jim Averell. Hopefully this article will help correct the public's understanding of this historical event.

pine. Bothwell and McLean had pushed James Averell and Ella Watson off a very low rock—a mere two-foot drop. Because their necks were not broken, and their hands had not been tied, and with the tree limb sagging earthward so that Ella's moccasined feet almost touched the ground, Jim and Ella were still quite alive and in the panic of slow strangulation. They began flailing and whirling about, bumping into each other, and desperately trying to pull themselves up the rope over their heads with their hands so as to relieve the lethal pressure. For 10 long minutes of a hideous ballet, they thrashed, jerked and spun, before the final convulsions set in.

At daybreak the next morning Ernie Mclean was sitting, hunched over and sobbing, on the front porch steps of the Bar H6 Ranch, where he was a perfect stranger. The rancher, Charlie Countryman, came out the front door that morning and found him. Hardly able to get the words out between wrenching sobs, Ernie told him what he had done. Mrs. Countryman and their six children were now in the doorway, staring at him in shock and disbelief. McLean said he just had to tell someone, to get it off his chest. The rancher quietly told him that he didn't want to hear any more, ordered him off the ranch and told him he never wanted to see him again. The humiliated McLean slunk away.

By his cool manipulations, Albert Bothwell had plunged five basically decent men into a deep cauldron of evil, and it was not yet over. Now would come the media defamation of the victims, courageous rebuttals by honest reporters, more murders, and a populist uprising by people fed up with the establishment. ❖

MARGARET HUFFSTICKLER, of Mennonite heritage, is a linguist in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. A Revisionist writer who lives in northern Virginia, she is currently completing her doctorate in vocal music, and sings opera, Cole Porter and both American and German folk music. Miss Huffstickler thanks her good friend John Nugent for his important help with this article including.

IN PART TWO, HELL BREAKS LOOSE IN THE SWEETWATER VALLEY; *in Casper, a grim posse forms against the ranchers; newspapers statewide duel it out over "Cattle Kate"; key witnesses start "disappearing"; the lynchers and their rich friends wheel and deal to subvert justice; small ranchers and farmers statewide seethe; and Wyomingites begin going around armed at all times. Meanwhile, a courageous Chicago journalist quits his job, travels to Wyoming to investigate for himself, and uncovers shocking new developments. The stage is set for the all-out homesteader-cattle baron conflict known as the "Johnson County War" or the "Wyoming Civil War" to be covered in an upcoming issue.*

ENDNOTES:

[1]Now in the possession of her great-nephew Daniel Watson Brumbaugh, a "Cattle Kate" Revisionist.

[2]Source: Daniel Watson Brumbaugh, Ella's great-nephew.

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NON-FILMS:

Mercer, Asa S., *Banditti of the Plains, Or the Cattlemen's Invasion of Wyoming,* 1976 edition available from Amazon.com, was written in 1894, shortly after the end of the "Cattle Kate"-Johnson County War era; the book, incredibly, was banned in Wyoming that same year and is still difficult to find in public libraries in some parts of the western United States. Mercer had come to Cheyenne, bastion of the cattle barons, to edit the *North West Live Stock Journal,* the official PR publication of their Wyoming Stock Growers Association (WSGA). Horrified by the murders committed by the barons, he turned against them at the risk of his own life; his newspaper office was burned down during the subsequent Johnson County War. (The human dynamo Mercer, in 1861, had previously been one of the founders of Seattle, Washington, and had brought his "Mercer's Maidens" from Lowell, Massachusetts to Seattle, then a city nearly without women. Many of today's Seattleites are descended from his benefaction.)

Hufsmith, George W., *The Wyoming Lynching of Cattle Kate,* High Plains Press, Glendo, Wyoming, 1993, 367 pp. This book is the classic exposé in book form of the truth about Ella Watson and Jim Averell. Replete with photos, maps, and extensive quotations from original sources, and written by one of Wyoming's most distinguished men (he composed the opera "Sweetwater Lynching," which was Wyoming's official contribution to the 1976 American Bicentennial Celebration), this book is a must-read. It can be ordered through major bookstores.

Daniel Watson Brumbaugh's extensive, photo- and detail-rich website "The Lynching of My Great-Aunt," is found online at *http://www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Bunker/2555/aunt.html.* Brumbaugh, a former Marine out for truth and the honor of his family, and well-acquainted with the great Hufsmith, has scoured Wyoming and all the key sites of the Watson-Averell drama, and since the time of George Hufsmith's book has added even more, newer and corrected facts in many online pages of easy-to-digest text.

FILMS:

At least three major Hollywood movies refer or allude to the Ella Watson ("Cattle Kate") and Jim Averell story, changing or modifying their names. Unfortunately, all three support the lynchers' defaming justifications, which, as great-nephew Daniel Watson Brumbaugh has put it, must have seemed "juicier" for Hollywood than the truth about their wholesome lives, values, activities and incredible courage. The latter three can easily be obtained on video.

(Eleanor Hufsmith informs these writers that her late husband turned down two Hollywood studio offers over liberties they wanted to take with her husband's book.)

"The Redhead from Wyoming" with Maureen O'Hara (1953);

"Heaven's Gate" (1982) with Kris Kristofferson; considered by many to be the worst major movie ever made by Hollywood, and considering the truth about Jim and Ella, its version is the most reprehensible; the gods willed that it lose $44 million.

The Hallmark television movie "Johnson County War" (2001) with Tom Berenger, Luke Perry, Rachel Ward and Burt Reynolds. This movie deals with both "Cattle Kate" and what it led to—the "Wyoming Civil War" of 1892. The movie can truly be heartily recommended for an excellent script and outstanding acting by all involved; the script does use the outrageous version of the "Cattle Kate" legend (Did the producers even know about the Revisionist version of events?), but they portray "Cattle Kate" ("Queenie") and her husband "Avery" as undeserving of a lynching. "Johnson County War" can be heartily recommended for its searing atmosphere, relative accuracy about some of the events, the heroism it accurately depicts, and some well-done romantic relationships within the context of a brewing civil war.

The great Western classic "Shane" (1953) with Alan Ladd has no "Cattle Kate" allusions, but showcases a very modified and unforgettable Bothwell type ("Ryker") who symbolizes the ruthless cattle barons out to chase off or kill the homesteaders. Very highly recommended on its many merits.

Two New Books from TBR:

The Germane: Revisionist Political Writings

THE GERMANE: Longtime Revisionist author and historian R.M West has assembled a group of original political essays covering everything from the question of real progress, the foundations of European culture, the need for spiritual unification of all European cultural brethren in America and how global capitalism threatens European culture. Other poignant thoughts on the present crisis of our culture and its future. Softcover, 222 pages #448, ***$13*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

Why Johnny Can't Think

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T THINK: A former professor himself, Bob Whitaker believes that formal education has become dangerous—even fatal—to common sense. He says that Americans believe so deeply in formal education that they routinely sacrifice their children's youth to it—paying staggering amounts of money to shield them from the real world. When released into the real world, they hardly seem ready for its challenges. Understand the problem and the solution. Softcover, 217 pages, #449, ***$10*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

Returning Favorites . . .

THE POLITICALLY INCORRECT GUIDE to American History. Almost everything you've been taught about American history is wrong! It's because most textbooks and popular history books are written by left-wing academic historians who treat their biases as fact. But here's a Revisionist book to set the record straight. Professor Thomas Woods brilliantly refutes a host of myths. Woods reveals facts that you won't be—or never were—taught in school, tells you about the books you're not supposed to read, and takes you on a fast-paced, politically incorrect tour of American history that will give you what you need to confound left-wing professors and liberal friends. Softcover, 380 pages, #424, ***$19.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

GOD'S WARRIORS: Crusaders, Saracens and the Battle for Jerusalem. This gorgeous volume tells the story of the momentous campaign that led to the Muslim capture of Jerusalem in 1187, following the disastrous crusader defeat at Hattin, where Saladin's troops destroyed the Christian army. These events resulted in the collapse of the Kingdom of Jerusalem and sparked off the Third Crusade under England's King Richard I. The authors, Nicholson and Nicolle, take a close look at the two most intriguing warrior types involved in the conflict: the Knight Templar and the Saracen "*faris.*" Besides having fascinating text, this book is also loaded with hundreds of color and black & white plates on high quality stock, explanatory sidebars, timelines, maps, detailed drawings, manuscripts, sculptures, artwork and dwellings, period engravings, paintings and more. Glossary, extensive bibliography and index. Hardback, 224 pp., over-sized, #420, ***$29.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

GENGHIS KHAN and the Making of the Modern World. The name Genghis Khan often conjures the image of a relentless, bloodthirsty barbarian on horseback leading a ruthless band of nomadic warriors in the looting of the civilized world. But the surprising truth is that Genghis Khan was a visionary leader whose conquests joined backward Europe with the flourishing cultures of Asia to trigger a world awakening—an unprecedented explosion of technologies, trade and ideas. Author Jack Weatherford tracks the astonishing story of Genghis Khan and his descendants, and their conquest and transformation of the world. Softcover, 352 pages, #425, ***$14.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

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THE MYSTERY OF Olga Chekhova

By Daniel Michaels

Better known for his much-acclaimed accounts of *The Fall of Berlin* and *Stalingrad*, Antony Beevor, a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and a chevalier of the *Ordre des Arts et des Lettres* in France, has proven in his biography of Olga Chekhova, a niece of Anton Chekhov, that he can also write a first-class spy story.[1] To accomplish this, Beevor consulted various Soviet archives, the Chekhov Museum in Yalta and the Art Theater Museum in Moscow, and personally interviewed Olga's surviving relatives, lovers and Soviet intelligence officers, especially Gen. Pavel Sudoplatov's son, Prof. Anatoly Sudoplatov, most familiar with her case.[2]

This photo, featured on the cover of a new book about Olga Chekhova, shows Hitler and Chekhova together at a performance. She was his favorite actress. Was she also a Soviet agent, pressured into spying on Hitler's inner circle—and worse?

Both Hitler and Goebbels were avid movie fans, the former because his artistic nature embraced a broad range of the visual and plastic arts, the latter, Goebbels, because of his use of cinema in his propagandistic work and because of his very personal interest in the physical attributes of the actresses employed under his control in the UFA studios in Babelsberg, the Hollywood of the Third Reich. It must also be said about the UFA productions during the National Socialist period that they were, for the most part, Hollywood-style romance, comedy, and musical films, not just war propaganda productions.

Olga Chekhova was born in 1897 of a thoroughly Russified German family, the Knippers, who married Mikhail Chekhov, the son of Anton Chekhov's brother, Aleksandr. The children of both families, the Chekhovs and the Knippers, were all talented artists in the theater and in music before and after the Bolshevik Revolution, as well as before and after World War II. In the chaos of the revolution, Olga, recognizing that her husband Misha was a hopeless alcoholic with no interest in his family, fled with her daughter to Berlin for safety and in the hope of restarting her theatrical career, which she eventually did.

Olga, whose film appearances (some 100, mostly at UFA) stretched from 1917 to 1974, managed to enchant not just the general German and European cinema-going public but the Nazi elite, including Hitler and Goebbels. Labeled by the German media of the day "Hitler's favorite actress," photos of her with Hitler and other Nazi officials, always at public functions for publicity purposes, appeared regularly in the German press.

Ironically, even as Olga settled comfortably in her new environment, becoming a darling of the German film world, her brother Lev, who chose to remain in the Soviet Union, also the child of Russified German parents, passionately supported the Communist Party and the cause of the Soviet Union. Lev, partially because of the prominence of his sister in Germany, soon found himself in the employ of the Soviet intelligence services. It was Lev who eventually recruited Olga to serve as a "sleeper" for Soviet intelligence in Germany. As Beevor suggests, Olga probably agreed to this arrangement because of her concern about the safety of her parents and other relatives in the Soviet Union. Stalin at this time was particularly concerned about the anti-Soviet activities of the many Russian émigrés living in Berlin, and Olga, with her notoriety in the refugee community and her obvious access to high-level Nazis, was a definite asset. Aside from her routine assignment in the émigré com-

munity, Sudoplatov believes that, in the event the Nazis ever occupied Moscow, and Hitler made a flash visit there as he did in Paris, Olga might be in a position to help plan his assassination.

By November 1940 Olga had reached celebrity status in Nazi Germany and as such was invited to attend a dinner hosted by Vyacheslav Molotov in the Soviet Embassy in Berlin, following his fateful meeting with Hitler. Attending the events were Molotov's companions, Vladimir Dekanozov, the ambassador to Germany (but formerly the head of the NKVD's Foreign Intelligence Department), and Vsevolod Merkulov, who, among other "accomplishments," had presided (along with Lavrenty Beria) over the massacre of Polish officers at Katyn. During and after the war, Olga's immediate Soviet controller appears to have been Col. Gen. Viktor Abakumov, head of SMERSH ("Death to Spies"). Her relationship with Abakumov, Beevor suggests, may have been more than just professional.

After the war, SMERSH was in charge of vetting the Soviet émigré community in Germany and, as the acronym indicates, sentenced most of them to death as traitors. Olga, however, emerged in an even more secure position than before. In the postwar period, Soviet intelligence provided Olga with money, property, food rations, personal guards and the freedom to travel between East and West whenever she wished. Beevor cites a letter from Lt. Gen. Aleksandr Vadis, subsequent head of SMERSH, to Abakumov:

> According to your instructions, on 30 June 1945, Chekhova, Olga Konstantinova, together with her family and belongings, was moved from the place Gross Glienecke to the eastern part of Berlin, the town of Friedrichshagen, where she was given a house in Spree Strasse No. 2. The move was carried out using the resources of the counterintelligence department SMERSH of the Group of Soviet Occupation Troops in Germany. After the move, we satisfied the following of Chekhova's requests: 1. Cleaning and partial repairs of the house have been performed; 2. Two cars belonging to Chekhova have been repaired; 3. Chekhova has been supplied with food (two months rations); 4. Food ration cards have been provided for the whole family; 5. A supply of milk has been organized; 6. Coal has been purchased for heating; 7. She has been given 5,000 marks; 8. Guards have been placed on the house: three soldiers from the 17th NKVD Independent Rifle Battalion.

These and other privileges were overseen and approved by Beria himself. Abakumov, on the other hand, would be murdered by Beria in 1954.

With this support and the acquiescence of the American occupation forces, Olga stayed on in Munich, where she opened a cosmetics firm catering to the American community, and published a beauty and fashion magazine, called *Ageless Woman*. She published her memoirs, which she titled *I Conceal Nothing*, in which of course she revealed nothing, 1952. She had the rare distinction of being awarded both the Order of Lenin as well as the West German *Bundesverdienstkreuz* and the *Deutscher Filmpreis* for her lifetime achievement in cinema. Beevor also remarks that Elvis Presley, who was serving in the U.S. occupation at the time, became quite infatuated with Olga's granddaughter Vera Tschechowa, who was then an actress in Germany.

Another of Hitler's and Germany's favorite cinema starlets was the Swedish actress Zarah Leander, famous for her low, husky singing voice. For the entertainment of his guests, Beevor reports, Hitler trained his dog Blondi to howl in imitation of Leander's voice. Unknown to the German government, Leander too was an active agent for Soviet intelligence. Her NKVD codename, according to Beevor, was "Rose-Marie" and her controller was Zoya Rybkina, who after the war also acted as controller for Olga. For his part, Reichsminister for Propaganda Josef Goebbels was much taken by the charms of still another movie starlet, Lida Baarova, about whom nothing is known of intelligence activities.

Using her natural feminine charm and wiles, honed to perfection by her acting skills, Olga managed not only to survive, but also to flourish. Olga never hesitated to lie or dramatize her life if it would secure her situation and advance her fortunes. On her deathbed in 1980, Beevor concludes, Olga drank a final glass of champagne and spoke her last words, "life is beautiful."

"Using her natural feminine charm, wiles and acting skills, Olga managed not only to survive, but also to flourish. Olga never hesitated to lie or dramatize her life if it would advance her fortunes."

In Beevor's opinion, Olga was neither a Nazi nor a Communist, but simply a more than average woman trying to survive in a turbulent world. It is certain she was not a Nazi, after all her first husband Misha had a Jewish mother. Consequently, her daughter by him, Ada, would also have been considered partially Jewish under the National Socialist government. And since, however, Beevor cannot provide any specific information on the services Olga provided for Soviet intelligence, final judgment of the lady's attitude to Communism must be withheld.

Historian Beevor concludes this biographical account of Olga's life with the pregnant thought: "Olga Chekhova was part of that ancient fascination between Russia and Germany, a dangerous borderland of shifting frontiers and loyalties." Although she was ethnically German, a baptized Lutheran, and a German citizen for half a century, Olga requested to be buried according to Russian Orthodox rites. ❖

ENDNOTES:

[1]Antony Beevor, *The Mystery of Olga Chekhova*, Penguin Books, New York City, NY, 2004, 302 pp.

[2]Pavel Sudoplatov, *Special Tasks: The Memoirs of an Unwanted Witness*, New York, 1994.

[3]Michael Kellogg, *The Russian Roots of Nazism: Émigrés and the Making of National Socialism, 1917-1945*, Cambridge University Press, 2005. Kellogg even quotes Hitler in a 1920 speech: "Our deliverance will never come from the West. We must seek friendship with national, anti-Semitic Russia," referring of course to the non-Soviet-oppressed people.

DANIEL W. MICHAELS was for over 40 years a translator of Russian and German texts for the Department of Defense, the last 20 years of which (1972-1993), he was with the Naval Maritime Intelligence Center. He is the author of various scientific reports and bibliographies in geo- and astrophysics and a contributor of book reviews and articles to geographical and historical periodicals. Born in New York City, he now lives in the Washington, D.C. area.

The FIRST LADY of REVISIONISM

TBR chats with Dr. Ingrid Rimland Zuendel

INTRODUCTION

What makes Ingrid Rimland—married to Ernst Zuendel, the internationally known, high profile Revisionist, politically kidnapped in Tennessee and currently on trial in Germany for "holocaust denial"—unique in modern America? For one, her very Germanic forthrightness that demands the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

What happened to Ingrid recently is the latest chapter of a saga spanning centuries. The Mennonites of old, she tells you, practiced adult baptism, shunned military service and refused to pledge allegiance to a flag, to any flag, as flags were seen as worldly symbols.

Her forebears escaped religious persecution in Holland by moving to tolerant Prussia, where they drained swamps in the Vistula Delta and developed a unique way of life, shunning intermarriage even with their "worldly" German neighbors. In the late 18th century, a German-born princess, Catherine, having become the Tsarina Catherine the Great of Russia through marriage, invited them to come to Russian-ruled Ukraine to settle and improve new lands. From there, many went on to North America.

DR. INGRID RIMLAND ZUENDEL

Many Mennonites came to the United States and Canada in the 1880s to escape the Russian draft. Two generations later, a nightmare descended on the still German-speaking farm folks left behind. The Bolshevik Revolution brought to power a psychopathic killer, Josef Stalin, who exiled whole villages to Siberia. "If you owned land, if you resisted collectivization, then you were branded an enemy of the state," says Ingrid. Some of her relatives were shot in their own orchards for the crime of owning a Bible.

Ingrid recalls the day in 1941, only weeks before the German invasion, when the Soviets sent a party member to replace her father, who was then the school principal in a Germanic settlement called Prischib. The apparatchik announced in brusque Russian, "I am the principal of this school." Ingrid's father, a bit hard of hearing, misunderstood and thought the man was asking him, "Who is the principal of this school?" He told him with a smile: "I am."

For that remark, says Ingrid, he was condemned for "resisting the state." Stalin's goons hauled him off to Siberia. "He was not allowed to tell us goodbye," said Ingrid. "Wearing his light summer shoes, he walked 2,000 kilometers into the Siberian winter. We never saw him again."

More than 60 years later, on February 5, 2003, this Kafkaesque scene was to repeat itself on American soil with the arrest of Ingrid's husband, German-Canadian Revisionist publisher and painter Ernst Zuendel.

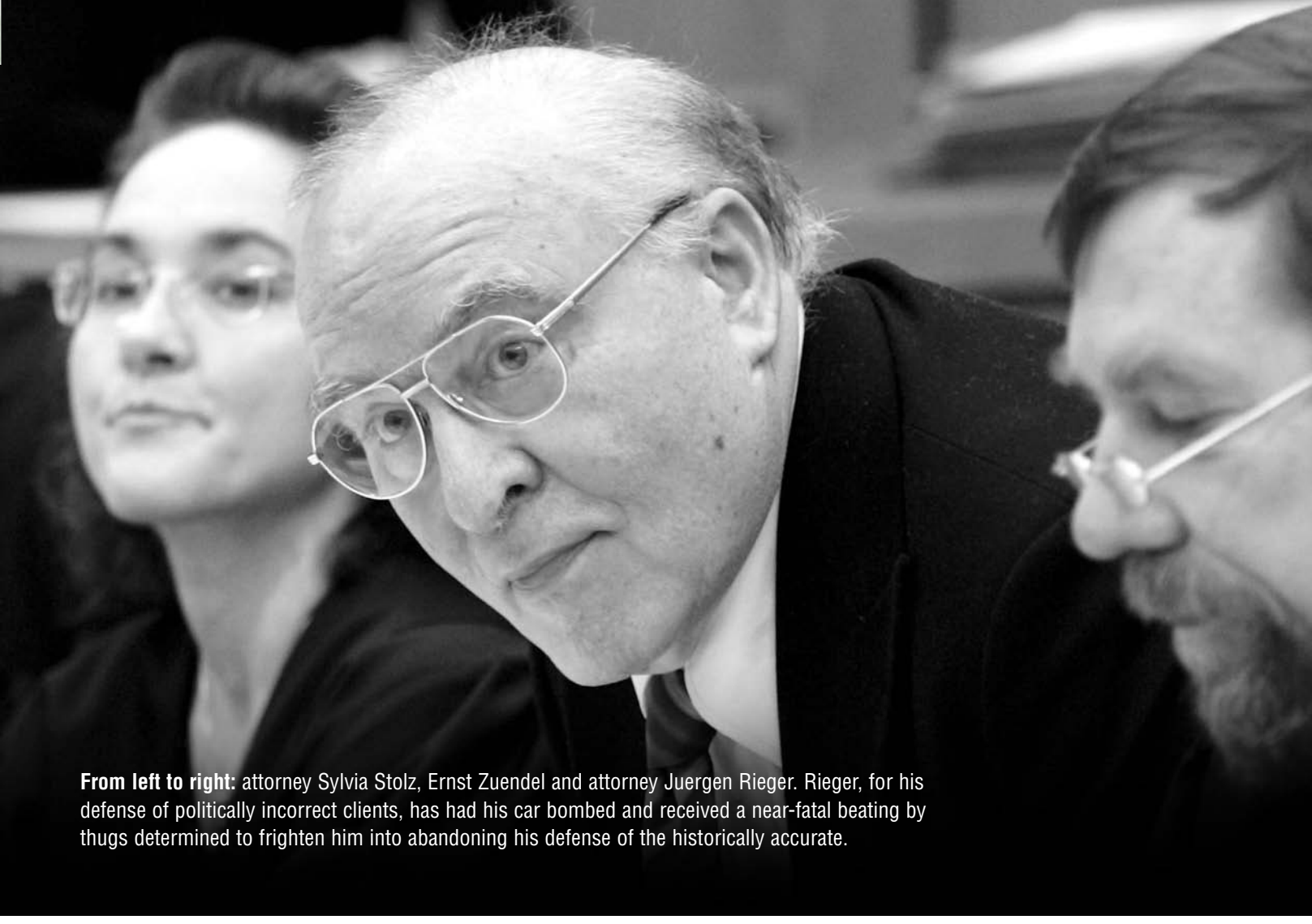
"Ernst was framing his artwork in our garage," she says. "We had no warning whatsoever. The government sent five of them—goons with their hands on their guns. He was not allowed to call an attorney. He was not allowed back in the house. He was hauled off in handcuffs and leg irons—for having 'missed an immigration hearing.' I didn't know if I'd ever see him again."

It was not the first nightmare in Ingrid's life, which started with the government hoodlums who came for her father. Two years after that, her family fled with the retreat of the German army in what came to be known as "the death trek of 1944." They barely reached the outskirts of Berlin in April 1945. "There, the Soviet *soldateska* rolled over the German civilians," she remembers. "There, they came for my young mother as well. . . ."

A five-time award-winning novelist—having been honored with the California Literature Medal Award for Best First Novel in 1977 for her Mennonite novel *The Wanderers*—Ingrid has written compellingly about life, the Mennonites as a parable for Western civilization under siege, and so too the truth about Revisionism. It was the privilege of THE BARNES REVIEW to interview her on May 20, 2006 in her lovely Smoky Mountain home.

Recently, a German judge tried to lure her with a promise of safe conduct to Germany to testify about her husband's outreach and her own Internet activities. Ingrid refused; she has experienced dictatorships before and has learned not to trust black robes. She is a combat veteran of life and has loyally kept up her work and her commitment to historical truth in the absence of her husband.

THE INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ZUENDEL FOLLOWS . . .



From left to right: attorney Sylvia Stolz, Ernst Zuendel and attorney Juergen Rieger. Rieger, for his defense of politically incorrect clients, has had his car bombed and received a near-fatal beating by thugs determined to frighten him into abandoning his defense of the historically accurate.

Interview with Dr. Ingrid Rimland Zuendel

TBR interviewed Dr. Ingrid Rimland Zuendel, Ed.D. May 20, 2006, about her life, her remarkable Revisionist husband Ernst Zuendel, the Revisionist cause and the ingredients needed for a Revisionist victory.

* * *

Q: Can you please comment on the following quote from your collection of Ernst's letters from Canadian jail, as published in *Setting the Record Straight. Letters from Cell No. 7*?

> What an incredible karma the two of us share. It is surreal. When I step back and look at our lives—first, your incredible wartime suffering [the mass rape and murder of Mennonites, her community], that horrible [600-mile] trek [from Ukraine to bombed-out Germany, land only of their distant ancestors, retreating with the German Wehrmacht], the loss of your father, the battle for Berlin, and those horrific postwar years in Germany, with all the hunger, cold and uncertainty—what tremendous reserves our German people of the wartime generation came endowed with, compared to an ordinary American or Canadian life.
>
> Think for a minute of the contrast with the women of your birth year who were born in North America. Born to centrally heated houses, electric lights, toast and jam or hot cereal for breakfast, two helpings if they wanted, a warm bath, a nice cuddly bed, good shoes to keep them dry, jumpsuits to keep them warm, a doctor or a dentist a phone call away if there was a problem, enough books, pencils, paper, crayons, and nice safe neighborhoods to grow up in—no air raid sirens wailing at night, no bombs exploding, no houses burning, no women being raped by marauding conquerors. . . . What in God's name do these molly-coddled, spoiled people know about life? Nothing.
>
> This fact really hit home with me in jail. There is a gulf that separates us from them, and it cannot be bridged by words. Even words need to be comprehended by life's experiences, to give them initial meaning, to supply a context. This [North American] continent does not have that context. We [surviving Germans] are like Martians to Earthlings, worlds apart.

A: There is an obligation on our part—we are the transition generation. We have our memories. We can see more clearly than anyone else what is now coming at us. What we are seeing today has happened before.

* * *

Q: When you were little, your family and neighbors experienced horrors at the hands of Soviet Communists. What do you feel about Russia today?

A: I have ambivalent feelings. My mother was violated by the Russians, hundreds of times over a period of months. On the other hand, that was a long time ago, and the time for healing has come. Now, I believe, Russia could be an enormously potent force on our behalf. The Russians long to be our friends. We have resources we could share; it is a magnificent country of vast potential. The Russians are not our enemies. They are our friends. They are good people. We need to interface with them, to understand them, and see where we have common ground that could be useful geopolitically for both sides.

I would like to go back; I have never been back. I would like to visit them, to see the places where I was a little child. I would like to visit the grave of my father.

* * *

Q: Did you ever think someday you and Ernst would be international heroes to one group and so demonized and hunted by another worldwide group?

A: Ernst did. Ernst knew this since he was four years old, that there was a life script that was going to be given to him. He knew he had to conduct himself according to that script.

I did not. I don't even see myself as that exceptional. I have some exceptional linguistic abilities that were given to me genetically and thanks to a very strict grammarian mother who would threaten to scalp me if I as much as lost a comma. I just did the best I could under the circumstances, but most of what has come to me has happened by default. . . . Challenges were thrust upon me. I have had stress all of my life, nothing but stress; but there comes a point where you train yourself not to get upset over trivia. A lot of what can derail you is just life's trivia.

"If the holocaust is history, it must be open to investigation. If the holocaust is a religious dogma, it has no place in public schools."

—Dr. INGRID RIMLAND ZUENDEL, educator & child psychologist

* * *

Q: Women are few in Revisionism. Is there something missing in our message, some omission that leaves women cold?

A: Women don't like bean-counters, and a lot of Holocaust Revisionism is bean-counting. Women want men who are strong, who have a spine, who are forceful yet loyal, who have an opinion behind which they stand—that is extremely important to women. Women want to feel secure, to have a sacred little nest. I have heard men say to women who expect this: "On what planet do you live?"—as if the need for emotional security were somehow improper. If I were publishing a women's magazine, these inner dimensions would be given a voice: having a nice home, having flowers on the porch, having children plant their own tomatoes, see them grow, taking care of their pets—building and sustaining wholesome families. And, because I am an educator, I would love to see more home schooling. My home schools would be known for discipline and manners.

* * *

Q: How is Ernst doing after two years in solitary in Canada and now on trial in Germany?

A: Ernst says: "We will overcome this." It is very difficult, but our enemies have always underestimated Ernst.

In Canada, the situation was toxic. For nine years, until he won his all-important Supreme Court victory, he had been under a gag order. He could not defend himself—and for almost a decade, the Canadian media poured buckets of slime over him. It ruined his reputation. He is now getting a lot of emotional support in Germany, and the legal defense is qualitatively superior, but there, many people are scared. They are afraid of what I call the "Zuendel taint."

I think it is time that serious Revisionists look at National Socialism as dispassionately as they looked at the so-called "holocaust" and other Revisionist issues. How often have we been lied to—and when will we learn? Haven't we been lied to about Pearl Harbor, JFK's assassination, Vince Foster, Ruby Ridge, Waco, Oklahoma City, 9-11, [and Iraqi] weapons of mass destruction? And we haven't been lied to about the Third Reich? Some Revisionists have an absolute phobia about National Socialism. What's there to be afraid of? It doesn't exist as a movement any more. The skinheads you see prancing around, Heil-Hitlering, are just put there by our enemies to scare the gullible.

The Third Reich should be treated as an extremely alluring puzzle. Just what was really going on? Grown people should not run and hide the moment the holocaust lobby says, "Boo." Hitler and his times should be researched with exactitude. Why should we not learn from that era?

* * *

Q: How do you see the state of mind of people in the Revisionist cause now and the state of mind of people on the outside?

A: The "cause," if we can call it that, came about by default. It attracted a certain type of people—people who were intellectual and detail-oriented. They served Revisionism very well for the first two or three decades. We could not have done it without them, because they constructed the forensic and historical foundation. But we are now in a different phase: Revisionism has been discovered by the Third World as a tremendously potent political tool.

As I see it, what once made the cause so strong and so attractive to so many people has now become a liability, because Revisionism has splintered and fractured itself. We never really fused into true comradeship. Everybody has his or her own intellectual niche to cultivate. Revisionism, as it started out, was to be purely about accurate history. That was useful as a foundation, but it lacked spirit. And in the political realm it was, and is, as timid as a mouse.

* * *

Q: You are certainly a modern woman who was an accomplished, confident person long before you met Ernst. Suddenly he was arrested and gone, and the Zuendel organization, with all the books and tapes, as well as the Zundelsite, everything had to somehow go on.

A: I do not accept his detention as a permanent state. I think

RALPH ORLOWSKI/GETTY IMAGES

RALPH ORLOWSKI/GETTY IMAGES

Presiding Judge Landgericht Mannheim Dr. Ulrich Meinerzhagen (posing as head judge in the Ernst Zuendel case) proved to be extremely irritable. At right, Meinerzhagen looks puzzled about testimony he heard in the case. After numerous fruitless attacks against Sylvia Stolz, chief defense lawyer for Zuendel, Meinerzhagen lost his composure and muzzled the defense. Stolz is seen above, along with German civil rights activist Horst Mahler. Zuendel's trial ran into an early delay when Meinerzhagen ruled that Mahler, whose license to practice as a lawyer was maliciously withdrawn in 2004 and who, in January 2005, was sentenced to nine months in prison for "inciting racial hatred," could not be part of the defense team.

that he is going to come back. I am going to fight hard for it; he is a good and honest man who did what was right; he did not run from the holocaust lobby. This political abduction is an absolute disgrace. In the meantime, I do everything I can to hold the home front together. I see myself as a temporary custodian of a largely buried history, lying fallow, deep in the rubble. When Ernst comes back, he can take over, and I will go back to my knitting.

* * *

Q: When did you first meet Ernst?

A: I met him in 1994, at a conference of Revisionists. I realized immediately that Ernst was the opposite of how his enemies had portrayed him—as this vicious, fire-breathing "white supremacist." It was very unfair and untrue, what was being said about him. I wanted to counter and undo the propaganda. I had public relations skills, and naturally I offered to help.

I was a recognized, established and respected writer. I had already won international awards for both writing and speaking and had done ghostwriting for some important people. Additionally, I was a psychologist by training with 20 years of practice. I understand human nature. I could see what had been done to a good man, to his reputation. I could see how it had been done, maliciously, to discredit his message, and I didn't like it one bit. I simply offered my skills.

* * *

Q: Ernst wrote in his *Cell No. 7* book: "We can all be proud of Ingrid, for she has risen to the occasion." After he was hauled away by U.S. authorities in 2003, you kept the Zundelsite and everything else going.

A: Actually, the Zundelsite was mine to start with—Ernst is a cyber ignoramus. He has never sent an email in his life. He never had the password to my website—he wouldn't know what to do with it if I gave it to him. Let the enemy screech and howl about his so-called "influence" on me—[but] I am the writer; he is the activist. I was established as a reputable writer long before I met him. It's a red herring that he "runs" the Zundelsite. I continued his newsletters after his arrest because his supporters needed to know someone was guarding the fort.

* * *

Q: Tell us how you became active in the Revisionist cause.

A: When I met Ernst 12 years ago, I was not schooled in Revisionist thought. I walked into Revisionist activism, essentially, by default. In May 1995, on the anniversary of Germany's defeat, the Zuendel-Haus was set afire. I visited him shortly afterward—it was an absolute mess. I said to him in his sooty kitchen: "What can I do for you?" and he replied: "Well, why don't you start a website?" and I said: "A what?" I had never heard of a website.

* * *

Q: In 1995 many of us could have said that . . .

A: People forget how new the Internet was just a decade ago. Ernst was standing there in his kitchen, wearing an old, singed robe, and he reached into the pockets and pulled out a handkerchief, and he said to me: "You see, I saved this." There he was, standing in his burned-out shell of a house, with the sky showing through, but he had saved a robe and a handkerchief.

And then he reached into his pocket again and found an envelope, also half-burned. It contained $750—a supporter had given

him a donation. I still have that half-burned envelope somewhere—I predict one day you will admire it in a Zuendel Museum. He handed it to me, and that money bought me two classes on how to do a website.

* * *

Q: Can you tell us about your cyber-war?

A: Back then, the Internet was primitive—everything had to be hand-coded. I had already christened my website, calling it the Zundelsite. And meanwhile, here I was in California, flying this "jumbo jet" of a website with no idea how I kept it in the air—with Ernst being 3,000 miles away in Toronto. I was struggling, trying to learn how the Internet worked, when along came a very ugly-minded Jewish holocaust promotion website called "Nizkor." They kept hassling Ernst in e-mails to me, saying: "Debate us. Debate us. Why are you hiding from us?" I knew what they wanted—smear-mongering the Zuendel name—and I wasn't going to let them.

You have to understand the irony, now that Ernst is on trial for "running the Zundelsite." I barely knew Ernst at the time, but I did not want him to go on-line, onto the Web, because, No. 1, he cannot type and No. 2, he cannot spell. He knew the Revisionist arguments, of course, which I did not—but he was busy rebuilding his arsoned home, and not all that interested in what I was doing. So I decided there should be a worldwide debate that would involve many people—Revisionists on one side, and holocaust believers on the other.

"The difference between us and our enemies is that we know what courage is. They are bullies—and cowards, as bullies often are."

—Dr. INGRID RIMLAND ZUENDEL

Needless to say, the Wiesenthalers went wild. They nixed that debate in the bud. Rabbi Hier [of the Los Angeles-based Simon Wiesenthal Center] released 2,000 letters like bats out of hell to all the U.S. college presidents, saying in essence: "For heaven's sakes, don't dignify those 'holocaust deniers' with a debate." This triggered the very first cyber-war worldwide in the history of humanity. It lasted for five weeks. It was my baptism of fire.

* * *

Q: The idea was to electronically destroy your website, the Zundelsite?

A: They tried, via a German communications outfit, Deutsche Telekom, but nothing came of it. Young students around the globe began to "mirror" my website. That was my first cyber battle, and I won. Today there are many excellent Revisionist websites, and all have suffered attacks, but mine was the first—and the first assaulted. It made the Zundelsite world renowned.

* * *

Q: When did you and Ernst become more than colleagues?

A: It was a gradual thing. When we first met, he was under siege. He had no time for me—and, frankly, he was not that interested at all in what I was doing with my Zundelsite work—he thought I was just "chatting." A Jewish entity had taken credit for burning down his house, destroying priceless archives and materials, and they were calling outright for his death—sending him what they said were AIDS-laced razors, even sending him a parcel bomb. Those were very difficult times. We did not get married until 2000, six years after we first met.

The difference between us and our enemies is that we know what courage is. They are bullies—and cowards, as bullies often are. Ernst's enemies don't fear him for his money, because he doesn't have much, nor for the number of his supporters, who are just a handful of serious backers, or for any influence globally that he might have; they fear him for his mind. They fear him for the Zuendel spirit. It's something that's intangible, but when you meet Ernst, you understand.

* * *

Q: Reading his letters from prison and seeing the man speak on video, Ernst seems to be almost above it all—what the Hindus would call an "old soul." He seems to be spiritually evolving still further in the Zionists' gulag. We have published some of his amazingly insightful letters in THE BARNES REVIEW.

A: There is something otherworldly about him. He is definitely esoterically tinged. Where does that come from? He was six years old at the end of World War II. The postwar deprivations did not allow him to get a formal education—sometimes that gets a bit in the way because people judge other people by an artificial polish, a polish that he utterly lacks. He's a peasant at heart, but he has an uncanny grasp on geopolitics. I often ask myself: Would he have become the original mind that he is today had he been subjected to formal schooling?

* * *

Q: How do you see the evolution of historical Revisionism?

A: It has changed quite a bit. When it started out, the facts had to be assembled, checked and rechecked. The intellectual veracity of the researchers had to be established. The discipline drew to itself a certain kind of scholar. The work was painstakingly pedantic—necessary in the early years. However, there was a price to be paid. Revisionism, by itself back then, was extremely dry. It was boring. It was bean-counting mountains of facts; it lacked the human touch. I believe that is the reason why it never went mainstream to capture the masses.

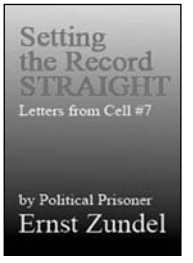
* * *

Q: The new *Barnes Review Newsletter* has reports on the activities of many Revisionists. Is publicizing the plight of persecuted Revisionists helping?

A: It's all for the good. I like THE BARNES REVIEW and its newsletter. The struggles of the Revisionists themselves as human beings have always been much more interesting to me than the Revisionist arguments themselves. For instance, take my husband—now there's a character that outsiders just don't know. The human struggle behind that persona, rough edges and all, is dramatic, sometimes hilarious, often profound and always intriguing. Now there is a self-made Renaissance man. To bring his uniqueness into the open was part of the reason why I got involved in the first place. And now, thanks to his political kidnapping and the drama surrounding the capture—where three, possibly four countries conspired for decades to capture one man—Revisionism is beginning to be recognized as a powerful political tool. ❖

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

LETTERS FROM CELL #7 BY ERNST ZUENDEL



Zuendel, a German-born civil rights activist and dissident historian, was seized by U.S. authorities at his home in Tennessee in 2003. Two weeks later, he was extradited to Canada where he was held in solitary confinement on the empty pretext that he was a threat to "national security." Zuendel's saga didn't end there. He was shipped off to Germany to face charges of inciting race hatred. This volume, compiled from dozens of letters written in his prison cell, is not only an overview of the legal ordeal of one of the world's most prominent political prisoners, it also provides rare insights into the career, experiences and thoughts of a man of extraordinary spirit and courage. #441, softcover, 180 pages, ***$12*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers. Add $3 per book S&H inside the U.S.; $6 per book outside the U.S. Send payment with the form on page 64 of this issue to TBR BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003 or call 1-877-773-9077 toll free to charge to Visa or MasterCard. See more "banned" books and videos online at www.barnesreview.org.

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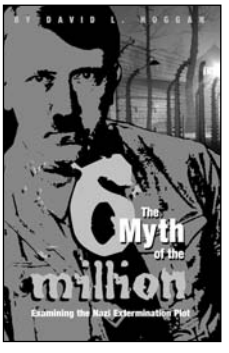

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The Fate of Flight 93:

Many Unanswered Questions Still Linger About What Happened in Shanksville, Sept. 11

EVER WONDER WHY THE ESTABLISHMENT NEWS MEDIA never showed any substantial footage from Shanksville on 9-11 or thereafter? Says Lisa Guliani, the author of this article, Flight 93 is strangely missing. She claims that's because no Boeing 757 crashed in Shanksville on September 11, 2001. More than the plane seems to be missing as sightings of corpses were lacking as well. After doing a complete investigation, the author finds that the government is lying. And in trying to find out what did happen, the author of this piece ran into some unexpected stonewalling.

BY LISA GULIANI

On May 1, 2006, after a 24-hour respite following my participation in New York City's huge April 29th anti-war rally, I returned to the road once again with three destinations in mind: Shanksville, New Baltimore, and Indian Lake, Pennsylvania. Victor Thorn, my colleague at Wing TV, and I wanted to spend some time in these locations and re-tread some of the area covered in our book, *Phantom Flight 93: The Shanksville Hoax.*

New Baltimore is a scenic wilderness, accessed via one long narrow road that stretches for miles, descending deeper with every twist and bend while fringed by dense woods, fishing holes and wide swaths of forested mountain landscape. Eventually the winding country road brought us to a small street dotted with a few houses. We saw a man in his yard and pulled into the driveway to ask him a few questions about 9-11.

The man's name was Dave and he works as a prison guard. After giving him a brief overview of why we were there, he invited us into his home for coffee. We spent the better part of an hour asking him about 9-11, and Dave openly expressed his doubts as to the official government version of events. He told us not to expect to see much of anything at the temporary memorial site for Flight 93 in Shanksville, because there isn't much of anything to see. Dave was very intrigued by all we related to him regarding the anomalous nature of the official story and equally perplexed by the lack of wreckage and debris shown in the photos on the cover of our book. We could see the wheels turning in his head. He said he would ask around and try to learn more information and get back with us. Dave directed us to speak with a woman who works at the post office just down the road from his home who could point us in the right direction for information.

The post office was nothing more than a pint-sized white shack; and the worker there told us we needed to head over to St. John's Church and speak with a woman named Melanie. This would be Melanie Hankinson, to whom we refer in *Phantom Flight 93.* We found Melanie inside the lovely church and she related to us her story of 9-11. Melanie says the lawn maintenance man from Beauty Lawn heard a loud "bang" and subsequently informed Melanie that there were papers blowing all over the churchyard. Upon inspection, she found not only papers littering the property, but also small pieces of metal. Melanie also told us that the FBI had set up a trailer in New Baltimore after Flight 93 purportedly crashed in the field near Shanksville, and locals were advised to bring all recovered debris to this trailer and hand it over to the Feds. Subsequently, she and other residents of the community dutifully delivered bags of debris to the FBI as directed. Along with papers and checks, Melanie also found small pieces of metal in the churchyard, which she said the FBI identified as pieces of the plane's underbelly. Keep in mind that New Baltimore is roughly six to eight miles away from Shanksville and the wind speed on the morning of September 11th in that area was only nine to 10 mph.

Prior to leaving New Baltimore, we spoke with a woman

A worker in the control tower directs planes for takeoff from Newark Airport in New Jersey. United Airlines Flight 93 took off from Newark Airport on Sept. 11, 2001, was supposedly hijacked, and allegedly crashed in a field in Pennsylvania.

DOUG KANTER/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

named Mrs. Oster, whose husband Charlie said he saw two additional airplanes in the near vicinity on the morning of September 11th. After asking a few questions, she very undeniably said that she, as well as her husband, felt that this airliner had been shot from the sky. Victor then spoke with Mr. Oster via telephone, and he confirmed the sightings of other small white planes flanking Flight 93.

INDIAN LAKE

Indian Lake resembles a picture postcard. It's sprinkled with nice looking homes, a marina and a couple of sprawling golf courses. We spoke with several folks at both the marina and the private golf course. Please keep in mind that Indian lake is one to two miles from Shanksville.

Stephanie Childers works in the Pro Shop at a private golf course. She told us that she saw Flight 93 intact and in the air on the morning of 9-11 from Hoffman's Nursery, approximately three to four miles away.

She drew us a diagram to illustrate the plane's approach and described how she saw it descending as it flew, and then how it abruptly went into a vertical nosedive and subsequently crashed. She claims to have seen the windows of Flight 93. Stephanie said that at the time it impacted, she thought there was a bomb on the plane.

Standing next to Stephanie Childers was a man named Bob Pile, who had been listening to our discussion. Bob recalled "what seemed like buckets of gravel" hitting the roof of his house on the morning of 9-11 around the time of Flight 93's reported impact. Bob says his home is one mile away from the crash site. He thinks it is very odd that gravel would reach his home over that distance, and had no explanation as to how this might have happened. We asked him how an airplane as large as Flight 93 could fit into a hole of such significantly smaller dimensions and showed him a representative diagram of the plane and crater dimensions, and he shook his head, unable to reconcile the disparity in dimensions.

Another local named Charles McCauley chimed in at this point. McCauley described the debris he'd recovered from his property—black seat backings that the FBI identified as coming from Flight 93.

Charles had no idea how these pieces of plane seats could have made their way the few miles to his house. McCauley, like many others, turned this debris over to the FBI. Both Pile and McCauley described lots of paper, parts of magazines, some solid matter (pieces of seats and metal) and checks carried by the wind in the days following 9-11, all of which was determined by the FBI to be from Flight 93.

After touching base with some more folks at Indian lake, we then proceeded to Shanksville. The people at Indian Lake had advised us to contact local realtor Valencia (Val) McClatchey, who took the infamous photo of a red barn with a mushroom cloud behind it, which has made its way through the vast spectrum of mainstream and alternative media venues since the events of 9-11.

SHANKSVILLE

We spoke with lots of people while in Shanksville, none of whom recalled smelling the unmistakable odor of burning human flesh on 9-11-01. We did call Val McClatchey and met with her at her real estate office. She was initially pleasant and businesslike, but as soon as we showed her our Flight 93 book, McClatchey became very surly, hostile, and defensive. During the first few minutes in her office, she described being at her home on the morning of 9-11 and hearing a plane crash. She said she ran and grabbed her camera, which—conveniently enough—was sitting right by the front door, and snapped her famous photo at a distance of one mile from the crash site. When questioned by us, she abruptly pooh-poohed the possibility that Flight 93 might have been shot down or brought down by some other means on the morning of 9-11, and became irate when we again produced our diagram, asking how such a massive plane could fit entirely into a crater of such small proportions. We explained how scientifically and physically impossible it would be for this to happen. At this point, McClatchey became positively livid when we pointed out that the mushroom cloud in her photo is more reminiscent of an ordnance blast than a jet fuel column. She seemed more inclined to discuss the supposed lawsuit she has brought forth against the Associated Press over her 9-11 photo, apparently in an attempt to intimidate us. McClatchey has previously threatened to sue at least one other 9-11 researcher known as "Killtown" regarding this same photograph, a threat that has thus far not amounted to anything.

"McClatchey suddenly and unexpectedly jumped from her seat and rudely threw us out of her office, calling us 'conspiracy theorists.' She had no valid responses to the valid questions we raised."

She then stated that she "didn't want to be around any people who question the government." Incidentally, her photo is prominently displayed throughout the city of Shanksville, in Somerset County, and is being sold at Ida's Restaurant for $20.

Approximately 10-15 minutes into our interview, McClatchey suddenly and unexpectedly jumped from her seat and rudely threw us out of her office, calling us "conspiracy theorists." We point out that this realtor had no intelligent or coherent responses to the valid questions we raised, nor was she able to explain the anomalous nature of the purported plane crash. In fact, she simply dismissed the discrepancies regarding the plane and crater. Why muddy the water with facts?

We were quite intrigued by this woman's responses and her absolute unwillingness to consider basic inconsistencies with the official story. Our visit with McClatchey has served to fuel our interest even further as to just what is going on in Shanksville. In its wake, 9-11 has provided some interesting "opportunities" for at least some Shanksville locals, and the release of Hollywood's *United 93* movie promised a potentially lucrative future for the previously unknown (pre-9-11) community. Val McClatchey made it unmistakably clear to us that she intends to milk her 9-11 claim to fame for all it's worth, truth be damned.

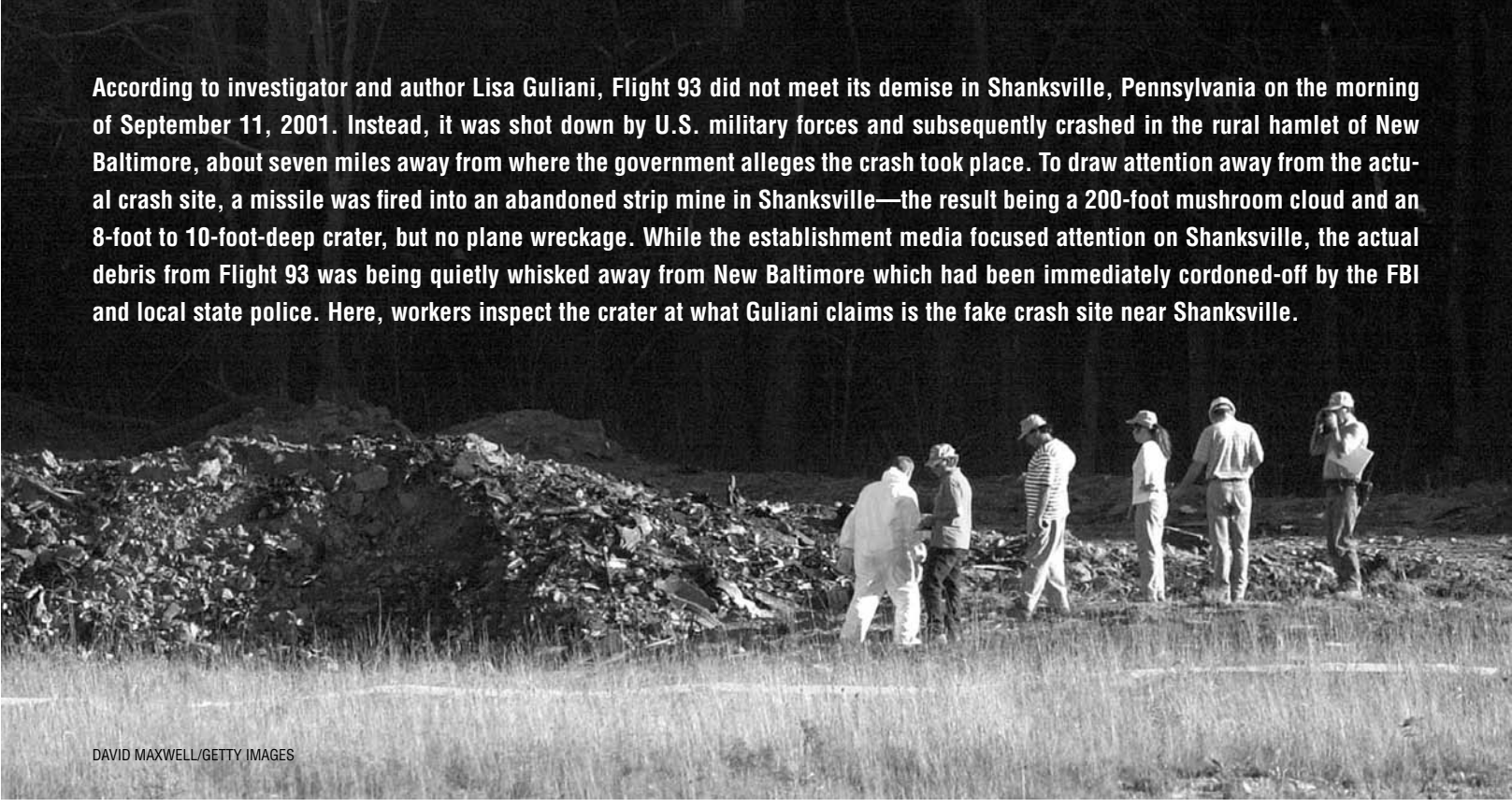
Ironically, we tried to use a cell phone several times while in Shanksville and the surrounding areas. We couldn't get a signal at all, no matter where we were, from the ground. This in itself is interesting, considering all the phone calls made at 35,000 feet on the morning of 9-11

Also, every person we spoke to told us a different rate of speed regarding Flight 93's final moments prior to impact. We couldn't get the same story twice. The more people we spoke to, the more it appeared that hardly anyone actually saw anything firsthand other than multiple sightings of Flight 93 in mid-air on the morning of 9-11. We have located no one to date who actually witnessed the plane crash-landing. Instead, we listened to many accounts from locals who appeared to be repeating what they had been told.

MORE FROM SHANKSVILLE LOCALS

Firefighter Rick King, owner of Ida's Restaurant, couldn't explain how such a huge airplane could fit into such a small sized crater either, but quickly added that he doesn't see anything "unusual or out of the ordinary" about the official story. When asked if accident reports were filed by the NTSB for Flight 93, he stated in the affirmative. We told him the accident report, if any was filed, has not publicly emerged. He had no comment. When asked, he denied noticing any stench of burning flesh on 9-11. However, he was able to parrot the now all-too familiar unsubstantiated tale of how debris, wreckage and human remains were found at the crash site. Naturally, he had no qualifier for this tale, and no plausible explanation as to why such a seeming wealth of wreckage, remains, and debris is mysteriously absent in publicly available photos of the Flight 93 crash site. We asked how we could locate the Mayor of Shanksville, Ernie Stull, and were advised that the Mayor was in poor health, suffering from congestive heart failure. We decided not to try to question him because of this information. Another interesting observation about Rick King: The entire time we spoke with him, he kept looking nervously from side to side and peering behind him, as if concerned about who might see him talking with us. Less than 15 minutes after coming out to speak with us on the sidewalk, he abruptly ended the interview and ran back into Ida's Restaurant.

Bob Schmucker, "Ambassador of Flight 93 temporary memorial," told us that the entire fuselage of Flight 93 had been pulled from the crater, describing it as "looking crumpled-up like aluminum foil when they took it out." He told us three local excavating companies were used to dig out whatever was allegedly in the smoking hole, and the excavators had gone as deep as 50 feet. He could not or would not name them. Schmucker stated that we had valid, serious questions and directed us to speak to Somerset coroner and funeral director, Wally Miller, who appears to us to be the point man in this whole mess. Schmucker also stated that a mound on the property allegedly contains both human remains from Flight 93 and ground tree limbs. He cited Wally Miller as the source of this information. This mound is located within the fenced-in area adjacent to the temporary



According to investigator and author Lisa Guliani, Flight 93 did not meet its demise in Shanksville, Pennsylvania on the morning of September 11, 2001. Instead, it was shot down by U.S. military forces and subsequently crashed in the rural hamlet of New Baltimore, about seven miles away from where the government alleges the crash took place. To draw attention away from the actual crash site, a missile was fired into an abandoned strip mine in Shanksville—the result being a 200-foot mushroom cloud and an 8-foot to 10-foot-deep crater, but no plane wreckage. While the establishment media focused attention on Shanksville, the actual debris from Flight 93 was being quietly whisked away from New Baltimore which had been immediately cordoned-off by the FBI and local state police. Here, workers inspect the crater at what Guliani claims is the fake crash site near Shanksville.

DAVID MAXWELL/GETTY IMAGES

memorial, behind the spot where the crater used to be. The crater is now completely filled in and inaccessible to the public. In fact, they don't even want you walking up to the fence line.

Vicky Rock, correspondent for *The Daily American* (Somerset County), told us that not all of the people allegedly aboard Flight 93 had been identified in the analysis of human remains after the crash. She related to us that a DMORT team had assisted the FBI and the coroner Wally Miller in making positive identifications. DMORT is an acronym for "Disaster Mortuary Operational Response Team." DMORT's own website states that all of the people onboard Flight 93 were ultimately identified. However, this local correspondent firmly stated otherwise to us. She suggested we speak with Wally Miller for further clarification, which we did later.

I spoke again with Vicky Rock on May 10, 2006, and once again she refuted Miller's statement regarding the Flight 93 identifications. This time she cited a recent comment made by a victim family member, Betty Kemmerer, who was related to Flight 93 passenger Hilda Marcin of Mt. Olive, New Jersey. At a meeting, Kemmerer wanted still unidentified human remains to be entombed at the memorial site. According to Vicky Rock, Kemmerer was told by officials that "they would take care of it."

Curiously, we could not purchase a copy of the September 12th issue of *The Daily American* from the newspaper's circulation department. We were told these issues are inaccessible and in storage, and we were not allowed to photocopy the framed article from that specific date which hung on the wall of the newsroom. So, we had to make a trip to their local library, where we photocopied all of the librarian's collected news clippings pertaining to the days immediately following 9-11. Ms. Rock expressed little—if any—interest when we informed her that several of the purported passengers of Flight 93 have yet to appear on the Social Security Death Index listed as deceased, despite Miller's issuance of presumptive death certificates shortly after 9-11. She did not give us the impression that she was curious about this strange phenomenon, and during my telephone conversation with her on May 10th, she stated that neither she nor the newspaper intends to investigate the passenger list oddities, saying, "We don't think there is any story there."

No story there?

Wally Miller, Somerset coroner and funeral director, was the man we'd been itching to meet. Miller was the point man who should have been able to tell us all we needed to know about Flight 93 wreckage, remains, and debris.

We thought Val McClatchey's behavior was suspect, but let me stress to you that it was nothing compared to what we encountered with Wally Miller. Wally was easy enough to find, but we weren't given the hometown welcome, or a civil greeting for that matter. We distinctly got the impression that he had been tipped off that we were coming to talk to him, and he grew increasingly agitated during the three to four minutes we were graced while standing at the side doorway of his funeral home. We had just finished walking through Wally's funeral home calling out to him.

The whole place appeared shut down, and by all appearances, nothing was going on there that day in the way of viewings etc. All the lights were off, no chapels were set-up for wakes, no flowers delivered or set out in chapel rooms; nothing one would typically expect to see preceding such funerary-type events. When he finally answered the side door, Wally was dressed in jeans.

Wally immediately said he did not want to answer any questions about the movie (which we hadn't intended to ask him about anyway) and followed that up with, "I don't want to answer

any questions about the remains or the wreckage."

Who else should we ask about the remains and the wreckage if not the man who was one of the first to arrive upon the crime scene and who had jurisdiction over it? He spent the first two and a half minutes of our interview trying to convince us how extremely unavailable he would be that day. We tried to schedule him for later on in the afternoon to no avail. I then asked Miller if he would be open to talking to me on the phone, and he agreed to this. During our final 30 seconds at Wally's side door, I did manage ask him if all the people aboard Flight 93 had been identified, and he agitatedly said "yes."

I then repeated the contradictory comment made to us by correspondent Vicky Rock, whose statements refuted Miller's. Miller became even more flustered when I questioned him about this contradiction, barking out, "Yes, yes, everyone was identified." Since Miller was supposedly in charge of the Shanksville crime scene, in our view, he is a man with some answers. Strangely enough, many people had told us to go see Wally and they said he would be happy to talk to us. He has been described as a solid rock of the community and "Mr. Unflappable." Yet clearly Wally was not happy to see or talk to us. From his demeanor, we might as well have been trying to sell him encyclopedias. Miller is cited in several 9-11 reports as having jurisdiction over this crash site, at least until the FBI descended upon the scene and claimed authority over the investigation.

On May 10th, during my first call attempt, Miller pretended not to remember his agreement to talk to me by phone from just a few days ago—and when I refreshed his memory, he promptly snarled, "Nahh, nahh, I've got nothing to say to you people." He then hung up on me. This took place within about 30 seconds. I waited a while and then made a second call to Wally, and this time I managed to keep him on the phone a bit longer. However, Wally "Unflappable" Miller was fit to be tied during this second call. He raised his voice, "What is *your* theory?" I tried to explain that all I wanted to do was ask him some basic questions that really need answers, but he kept yelling instead of answering. In response to the above, I calmly stated that I didn't think the government has been entirely truthful about the events of 9-11. He responded with, "That's a bunch of hooey!" He used words like "half-truths" in reference to the comments made to us about the fuselage by Bob Schmucker at the memorial site.

I brought up the matter of how several people from Flight 93, for whom he had issued presumptive death certificates shortly after 9-11, have not appeared listed as deceased on the Social Security Death Index. He became irate.

I asked him if he was under a gag order and unable to talk to me about the wreckage/remains. He quickly denied this, stating that he'd given many interviews before; and then in the same breath he proceeded to hurl a name at me in between the yelling. He told me to contact Bill Crowley from the FBI and ask him my questions.

"I have come away from these three interactions with a very distinct impression: Wally Miller is afraid to talk with honest reporters and, from where I sit, he's not handling the pressure too well."

If you examine the past Miller mainstream news interviews, they are all pro-official story, pro-government conspiracy theory. They were softball fluff interviews, all vomiting the same questions and canned responses like a script. Obviously, he had no problem maintaining his composure or modulating his voice during those Q & A sessions. You see, those reporters asked Wally, the Rock of Shanksville, the "right" questions. And you can bet your bottom dollar he didn't send mainstream reporters scurrying off to the FBI for answers to their fluffy questions. Nope, he simply fielded them himself. Yet, he became obnoxious, uncooperative, and high-pitched with me on the phone in a matter of minutes, and then punted me to Pittsburgh FBI agent Bill Crowley. Remember, Wally denies he is under a gag order.

During our second phone call, Miller said, "I've read your business card! Citizens to Discredit [unintelligible word]. Are you kidding me?"

I thought for a second and replied, "Sir, I don't think I gave you a business card. In fact, I know we never gave you a business card." There was a brief pause on the line, and then Wally Miller proceeded to hang up on me once again.

My business card does not bear the words "Citizens to Discredit" anyone. The card he had was obviously a fake.

It's noteworthy that I had never met or spoken to the Shanksville coroner prior to May 2nd and have only achieved three minutes of actual face time with him thus far beyond the very few minutes he spent yelling at me and hanging up on me on two separate occasions on May 10, 2006. I have come away from these three interactions with a very distinct impression: Wally Miller is afraid to talk with honest reporters, and from where I sit he's not handling the pressure of potentially "dangerous" questions too well. I

FUTURE FASTFORWARD

The Zionist-Anglo-American Empire Meltdown

Is the alliance between the United States, the British Empire and Israel a paper tiger or a mighty empire? Is global "Empire Capitalism" about to come crashing down? Will there be a worldwide "people's war" against the super-capitalists and their Zionist allies? Can nuclear war be averted? These are just a few of the provocative questions addressed in a forthright, no-holds-barred new book by former high-ranking Asian political figure and globe-trotting diplomat Matthias Chang, now being published for the first time ever in the United States. *Future Fastforward* (softcover, 400 pages, $25 minus 10% for TBR subscribers) is available from TBR BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003. Add $3 S&H per book inside the U.S. Add $6 per book S&H outside the U.S.

absolutely have never handed him a business card, so if he did manage to see my card, there are only a few possibilities as to where he might have seen one. Greg Chiapelli and Vicky Rock are two names that immediately come to mind, since we gave both of these individuals a business card. Wally must have realized he slipped up, and so he hung up instead of explaining how he could have read a card I never gave him.

From what we could determine from those we spoke with, the FBI took control over everything involving the crash of Flight 93 from the second they arrived. They reportedly remained on the scene for approximately two-and-a-half weeks according to locals. Yet, Wally Miller also must know what was there at the crash site. He's the man who can tell us what we need to know about the plane wreckage, debris field, and human tissue remains identification. Yet, Miller isn't talking. It seems to me that Miller is owned by the FBI. All indicators point to a cover-up. Not surprisingly, all roads are leading toward the Bureau.

Corporal Buncich of the Pennsylvania State Police, when asked if he had any information regarding an area of New Baltimore being cordoned off by the FBI and State Police on 9-11, said he did not deny the event, but said that they had to report to any and all areas where debris and wreckage and remains had been reported on the morning of 9-11 and the days that followed.

When asked if we could see copies of the State Police reports, he stated there were no reports filed by the State Police regarding 9-11, which we found most peculiar. No reports filed by the State Police? We were told that the FBI had taken charge of the crash site and investigation, and that they were the information gatherers. Buncich, with a knowing smile, coyly suggested we inquire with the FBI, adding that they would most likely be uncooperative with us.

"We will be returning to Shanksville to do some more digging into this puzzle. If our experiences in the last two weeks are any indication, this mess is going to get weirder as the days roll by."

Greg Chiapelli, Somerset Hospital, Director of Media Relations, advised us that Somerset Hospital received no bodies from the purported crash of Flight 93 on 9-11. We asked him if he knew of any area cordoned off in New Baltimore by the Feds and State Police, and he denied any knowledge of this. I asked him if he knew of any phone call made to Somerset Hospital on the morning of 9-11, during which ER personnel were advised to prepare to receive victims from two separate plane crashes. He was silent for a moment, and then stated he was unaware of any such call. He then proceeded to tell us that he felt very uncomfortable talking to us and would need to check us out and get clearance before he could speak any further. We asked him why he needed to "check us out" before he could talk to us about 9-11, and he replied "I have never heard of you. I need to check you out first." We provided him with our business cards for this purpose. We couldn't get him to say anything else except that he would contact us once he checked out who we were and what we do. Not surprisingly, we haven't heard from him at this point, so I will now be giving him a call to follow up.

A Somerset County Volunteer Firefighter: One unidentified volunteer firefighter remarked to us that the FBI seemed to know what was going on from the minute they arrived upon the Flight 93 crash scene. He was very suspicious of this at the time, and remains so to this day. He told us that the information we want to know is most likely in the hands of the FBI or CIA and will probably never be made public. He didn't actually see anything himself, but simply repeated to us hearsay from other firemen and locals. Over and over, we listened to locals telling us about body parts and fingers being found and how human remains and plane wreckage had been discovered hanging in the infamous Shanksville crash site tree line. Yet, no publicly available photographic evidence to date supports these assertions. We wonder why many people are trying to push the notion that debris and remains would only be ejected onto one side of the crash site (the tree line), rather than on all sides, which makes much more sense. They claim that the reason we can't see any debris and wreckage and remains is because these materials are "obscured" by the trees.

Yet, there should be ample evidence of debris and remains and wreckage on the other three sides of the crater as well as the tree line location. Available photos do not show any significant damage to the trees themselves, presenting only a partially burnt tree line. We have looked at some close-up photos of the trees and no human remains, wreckage, or debris is visible. The damage presented in photos is, just as is the case with WTC 1 and 2, leaves us with more questions than answers.

CONCLUSION

We also spoke with dozens of other Somerset County locals during our trip, including Terry Butler from Stoystown Auto Wrecker; two different employees of Rollock's Scrap Yard (one of whom said he saw the plane flying belly-up); and the night auditor at a motel in Somerset who provided us with some very interesting information. Needless to say, we will be returning to Shanksville in the near future to do some more digging into this puzzle. Furthermore, if our experiences in the last two weeks are any indication, this mess is going to get even weirder as the days roll by. ❖

Part Cherokee Indian, ***Lisa Guliani*** is a member of a small, Pennsylvania-based alternative media entity known as the World Independent News Group. She has written a few books of her own, as well as articles for other websites. She was a contributor to prisonplanet.com for a brief period of time. Lisa and ***Victor Thorn*** do an Internet TV show and radio show every week on their website. For more information, contact www.wingtv.com. Thorn and Guliani have written successful books, such as *9-11 Exposed*, *The New World Order Exposed*, and *9-11 on Trial*. Their new book is titled *9-11 Evil: Israel's Central Role in the 9-11 Attacks.*. This new book (softcover, #1513, $14.95, 123 pages—no charge for S&H) is available from First Amendment Books, 645 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, Suite 100, Washington, D.C. 20003. Call FAB toll free at 1-888-699-NEWS to charge to Visa or MasterCard.

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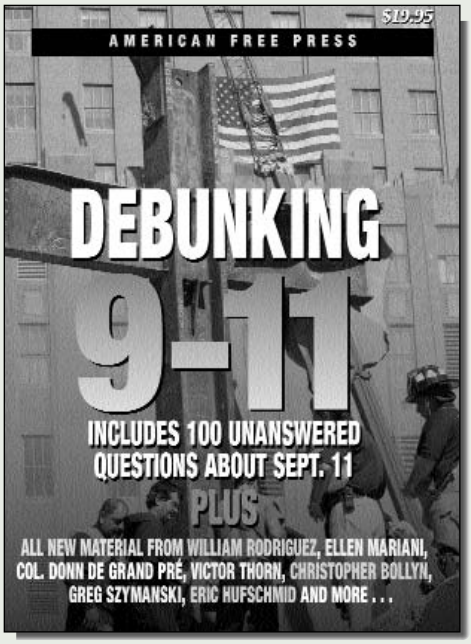
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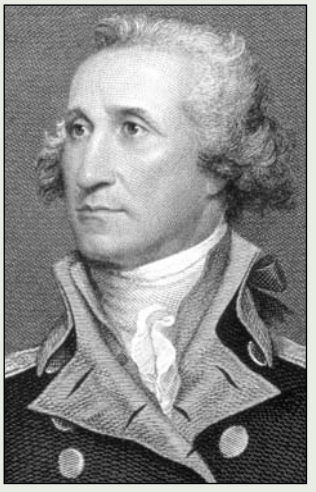
We Forgive You, George . . .



With the First American War Against Britain (not yet known at that point in time as the War for Independence) barely started, the American Army was already low on ammunition. Gen. George Washington came up with a plan: use undercover operatives to leak disinformation to the British enemy that the Americans had so much gunpowder they did not know what to do with it all. It was a Big Lie, and the Brits swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. They held off an attack that might have crushed America, and Washington used the time to build up his supplies, with the redcoats never knowing how vulnerable his army had been. That was just the beginning of a whole series of successful wartime deceptions by Washington. Forget the tale about the cherry tree and young George—he could tell a lie when need be, and we are all thankful that he did.

Hitler's First Love

Everyone knows Hitler's first love was artistry. After he went through World War I, he discovered, as a civilian, that he was a great speaker. So he became a politician. In the waning days of the Third Reich he directed a team of artists to inspect the art museums in Europe and carefully photograph the masterpieces, in order to save them for posterity. Threatened murals, frescos and bas-reliefs—from 480 churches, convents and castles—were photographed on color slides. Munich's Central Art Institute has them online at fotothek.org

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Remembering Francois Duprat

Francois Duprat, a writer, historian and educator, had introduced the booklet *Did Six Million Really Die?* in France, publishing the first French translation. He also published *The Mystery of the Gas Chamber.* Duprat was 38 years old when a bomb blew up his car on March 18, 1978, killing him instantly for his "thought crimes." His wife, who was with him in the car, lost the use of her legs in this terrorist crime. Two groups took "credit" for the assassination: the Jewish Remembrance Commando and the Jewish Revolutionary Group. The assassins were never found. Duprat gave his life for the cause of truth in history.

✠ ✠ ✠

Vermont Freedom Movement

When peace was made with the French in 1760, the Green Mountains were quickly opened to settlement, and considerable squabbling followed between the colonies of New Hampshire and New York as to which had the proper claim to the territory, then called the New Hampshire Grants. Most of the settlers were from Connecticut or Massachusetts. Resistance to the "Yorkers" brought the organization of the Green Mountain Boys under the leadership of Col. Ethan Allen in 1775; this small but experienced army came to play a significant role during the Revolution at the battles of Hubbardton and Bennington in 1777. On January 17, 1777, Vermont declared itself an independent republic. This independent course, with the little republic minting its own coins and providing its own postal service, was followed until 1791 when Vermont was admitted to the union, the first state to join the original 13. Today, Vermont is home to one of the most effective political independence movements. Recently several hundred Vermonters joined the Second Vermont Republic—a peaceful movement opposed to tyranny and committed to the return of Vermont to its status as an independent republic as it was between 1777 and 1791.

✠ ✠ ✠

Indians Rough on Wildlife

American Indians, sometimes depicted as the original "tree-hugging eco-geeks," actually killed species without giving much thought to the future. After studying thousands of animal bones found in an ancient garbage heap on the shores of San Francisco Bay, Jack Broughton of the University of Utah says the Indians living in that area hunted several species to local extinction during 600 B.C. to A.D. 1300. Large goose and cormorant populations dwindled to next to nothing. The lowest strata had the largest number of big animals, but number and size both decreased over time.

It's Super Crocodile

Based on comparisons to living crocodiles, an extinct super croc from Niger, dubbed *Sarcosuchus imperator,* would have weighed about 8.75 tons (17,500 pounds). That is about 10 times as heavy as the most massive living crocodilian. "Supercroc," as some have naturally dubbed it, lived about 110 million years ago and ate dinosaurs, scientists believe. Based on measurements of the fossil bones, *Sarcosuchus* grew to lengths of 37 to 40 feet, about twice as long as the largest living crocodiles. Growth lines were found in cross-sections of super-croc's armor plates—one line being lain down each year. A plate from an individual 80% grown had over 40 lines, so it is suspected a full-grown individual would be at least 50 to 60 years old, This would reflect a longevity about twice that of modern-day animals. The fearsome skull was six feet long, with about 130 to 140 teeth, each some three inches long.

An artist's rendering of "Supercroc."

The Destruction of the West May Have Begun in Rhodesia

The widow of a famed Rhodesian nationalist writer sets the record straight on Ian Smith's role in the subversion of Western culture & African progress

IAN SMITH POSED AS "THE MAN ON THE WHITE HORSE," out to save the white people of Rhodesia, and the freedom of all Rhodesians. But it turns out his inspiring rhetoric was actually written by Ivor Benson. And when he was in a position to do so, the first thing Smith did was to break his promises and give Rhodesia away to the Marxist black government of Robert Mugabe, a tribal xenophobe. Thanks to this treason, the country is now a Third World cesspool. The following is a letter to a friend written by Mrs. Ivor (Joan) Benson, a former Rhodesian, in response to certain questions recently put to the writer.

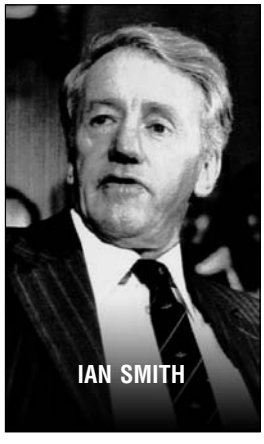
BY JOAN BENSON

The awful story of what happened in Rhodesia, with only a few changes of detail and background, serves to illustrate what has been happening all over the Western world since the end of World War II, "a sort of synopsis of the history of [whites] during the second half of the 20th century."

It is distressing to have to say again what many were saying and writing about happenings in Rhodesia, both at the time and after. In those days the things I mention below were generally widely known inside the country and can all be researched fairly easily in South African archives such as public libraries, newspapers and law court proceedings.

By bringing together in the mind things that belong together, a good deal of light will be thrown on a pattern of deviousness, secrecy, ruthlessness and arrogance.

• During the 1950s and early 1960s most of the Rhodesian electorate knew Ian Smith as a committed "leftwing liberal" and economics expert favored by the old establishment, the mining-finance party that had long dominated Rhodesian politics (that is, the great mining companies and subsidiaries like Charter Consolidated etc).


IAN SMITH

Few Rhodesians were convinced when Ian Smith found it politically expedient to cross the floor and in due course to seize leadership of the then new and widely popular conservative Rhodesian Front (RF) party. To say that the honest and patriotic founders of the original RF were politically naive is an understatement. I know. I grew up in Rhodesia, worked in government offices and knew socially many of the personalities of the times.

During 1964-65 it was common knowledge that the spirited speeches and public addresses of Ian Smith that won over a skeptica1 public during that vital election period had all been written by Ivor Benson [Joan's now-deceased husband.—Ed.], the government's newly appointed information adviser, who had been invited by the Rhodesian Front and offered a contract, with the urgent first task of providing Ian Smith with a much-needed "rightwing image."

Soon the brave words written by Ivor Benson were echoing around the world, welcomed and admired by the numerous friends and supporters of embattled little Rhodesia. Ivor Benson had given Ian Smith the conservative image he needed, and Smith traded on it ever after, always "talking on the right and acting on the left," always willfully deaf to advice and warnings from others.

Once the first vital election had been won, Ian Smith and his inner coterie contrived largely to marginalize or cold-shoulder Ivor Benson and any advice not to rush into a "unilateral declaration of

HULTON/GETTY PHOTO ARCHIVE

Cecil Rhodes arrived in Africa and carved a nation out of the heart of darkness. Rich in minerals and other natural resources, the Rhodesia colony—tamed by white European immigrants—flourished until rule of the area was turned over to the native Africans. Since that day, Rhodesia has fallen back into darkness as violent tribal politics is again the norm. From 1979, when the country was given to tribal blacks, out of about 4,000 white farmers living in the re-named nation of Zimbabwe at that time, only about 300 are believed to be still on their land. An estimated 18 white farmers have been murdered since 2000. According to the Zimbabwe Human Rights Non-Governmental Organization Forum, there were more than 1,000 cases of politically motivated violence, murder, rape, kidnapping and torture in the country in the last 12 months alone. Thirty-five million acres of white farmland have been seized by the government and given to political favorites. The orgy of violence has not benefited black farm workers, some 500,000 of whom have been displaced and are now unemployed, while 2 million refugees, mostly black, have fled into South Africa.

independence" (UDI). Disregarded by the Smith government were two of Benson's most important memoranda: (1) a media analysis strongly advising against press censorship as such; and (2) a paper urging full support for the traditional African tribal chiefs as being a powerful natural bulwark against terrorist incursions.

However, most government measures that were supposed to reassure the overwhelmingly loyal tribal communities (such as the carefully staged "Domboshawa Chiefs' Conference") merely served to mask a progressive betrayal of the African tribes that was already far advanced. In fact, the government knew very well that terrorist activities inside Rhodesia were mainly masterminded and financially supported from outside Africa, mainly European power-groups who were using the so-called "African freedom fighters" as puppets in the service of very different long-range economic purposes.

• From the first, Ivor Benson emphasized that Rhodesia's real enemies were not black Africans, but certain powerfully vested European commercial conglomerates. This, with variations, was the pattern all over Africa at the time and continues to be so.

• It is important to note that the Rhodesian government offered Ivor Benson a renewal of contract at the time of UDI and that Benson quietly refused, voluntarily giving his notice of resignation to the Parliamentary Secretary for Information, at the same time courteously reaffirming his willingness to assist the Rhodesian government as a private individual "in the battle on the information front" in whatever ways might be possible.

In this letter of resignation Ivor Benson added:

> How much I shall be able to do in the future will depend on the view which the government forms of its own task in this field. As I have pointed out again and again, I believe that nine-tenths of the battle for Rhodesia is being conducted in the realm of public opinion and morale, and that if we lose it there, whatever other resources of resistance we possess will be of little avail. The remedies are there: it only needs the insight and will to apply them. I have enjoyed working with you in the Information Department.

Shrewdly exploiting the "psychology of group dynamics," inducing "blind loyalty and submission to the leader," Ian Smith arbitrarily took control of the independent and burgeoning "Friends of Rhodesia" organization, making it a "government trust," which resulted in the snubbing of certain overseas "rightwing" organizations (notably the widely respected Liberty Lobby and some others).

Inside Rhodesia, too, rightwing groups and individuals were increasingly sidelined or slighted—even some conservatives inside the RF party, such as the highly popular Lord Graham (duke of Montrose, a cabinet minister and signatory to the UDI). Ian Smith also conducted a vicious personal vendetta against Wilfred Brooks,

editor of the popular patriotic journal *Rhodesian Property & Finance* and ruined Brooks's reputation.

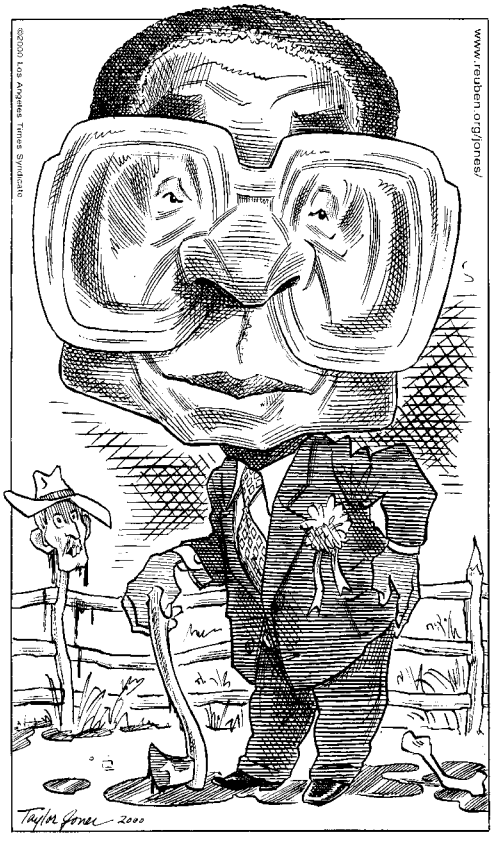
A distinguished Australian visitor to be brushed aside by the Smith government was the constitutional lawyer Dr. Walter Henderson, who analyzed the joint Douglas Home-Ian Smith "Proposals for a Settlement" with built-in "Bill of Rights" which he described as being suggestive of "a deliberate intention to mislead" and "a contamination of the judiciary."

• The ruthless nature of the international pressures raised against Rhodesia is indicated by Ian Smith's careful avoidance of any serious public discussion of two essential keys to a clear understanding of what was really happening throughout Africa during the 1960s:

(1) The stunning Congo-UN revelations made by American Rep. Donald Bruce, and published in *The Congressional Record* in 1962, detailed accounts of and extracts from which circulated throughout southern Africa in the well-established Kenya journal *East Africa and Rhodesia* (a paper that was subscribed to by the Rhodesian Ministry of African Affairs, among others); and

(2) The sensational findings that came out of the South African treason trials during 1961-1964, when a number of well-known, very wealthy Jewish citizens were exposed as key Communist Party revolutionaries controlling a few black puppets.

• Most of the salient details of the struggle for Rhodesia during the 1960s an '70s were faithfully reported and analyzed by Ivor Benson in *Behind the News*, his monthly service of information and analysis (which had a wide readership in southern Africa and overseas). In this paper and his other writings, as well as in talks and lecture tours undertaken at the invitations of various conservative groups around the world, Benson employed all his insights and professional knowledge as a trained journalist, in the hope of contributing to some awakening that could have saved both the white and black peoples of Rhodesia from the evil consequences of a "no-win war" that was the direct result of Ian Smith's piecemeal policy of "negotiation and settlement" with the proxies of "Big Money."



ZIMBABWE PRESIDENT ROBERT MUGABE

• Of significance is the fact that several fairly well-known and generally respected writers or journalists in writing about Rhodesia have continued to refer dismissively to Ivor Benson as "Ian Smith's propagandist" and worse, repeating vicious, politically motivated slanders against Benson, which were fully exposed in the Rhodesian parliament at the time, and again soon after in a precedent-setting High Court judgment in South Africa, as being wholly false: yet these writers and journalists have gone on, ever since, evading the truth by choosing the device of "quoting others who in turn have quoted earlier others."

• It is significant, too, that Ian Smith's memoirs (published 1998 in Britain) do not contain any mention of his former Information Adviser Ivor Benson, the man who wrote the inspiring speeches that gave Smith a brave "conservative image" around the world. But Smith does have kind words for some of Rhodesia's influential political Zionists, among others, and also for two internationally powerful destabilizing agents, Henry Kissinger of the United States and Lord Goodman of the UK.

Rhodesia has "gone with the wind," but, for those whose high-minded ideologies have led them to betray the trust of leadership, I am under obligation to say: "Lord have mercy, thy will be done." ❖

JOAN BENSON is the widow of Ivor Benson, the populist writer from southern Africa, one of Rhodesia's leading political writers. She wrote previously on Ian Smith for TBR in our issue of November/December 1998.

Books Unmask the Zionist Menace . . .

The Zionist Factor. By Ivor Benson, the now deceased husband of the author of the above article. This is Ivor's most outstanding work. Newly reprinted, with a foreword by Willis A. Carto, it carefully explains "the mysterious relationship between Christians, Jews, capitalism and socialism" that has bedeviled all Western thinkers whether they wish to admit it or not. #195, softcover, 217 pages, ***$13.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

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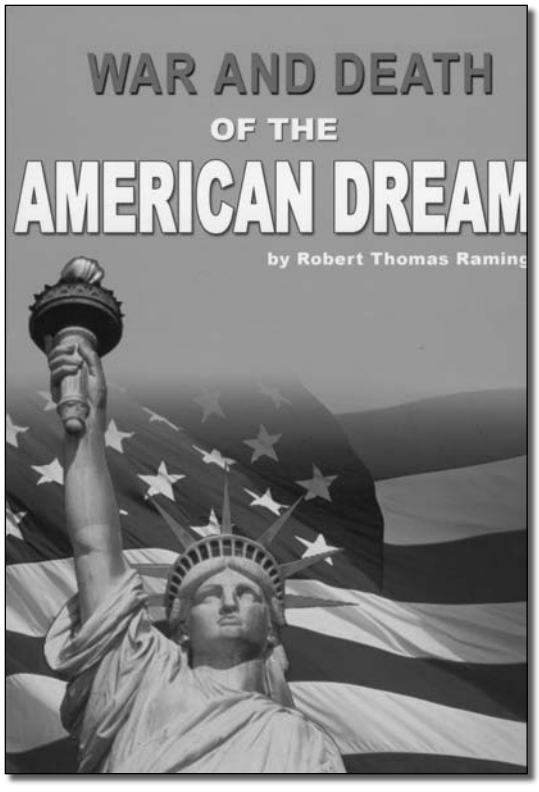
War & Death of the American Dream

By John Tiffany

After voting for Ronald Reagan in 1980 Robert T. Raming became so disgusted with our politicians and their failure to govern that he dropped out of politics and did not vote for 24 years. September 11 shocked and depressed him, as it did millions of other Americans. Figuring that he might be part of the problem, he decided he was going to vote in the 2004 election. He began to watch the cable news coverage of the primaries. By the time both parties were in full campaign mode, he was watching four to six hours of cable news coverage per day.

After a couple of months it was apparent that both parties were telling voters whatever they thought would get them elected. Flip-flopping on the issues became high art. Vicious (not necessarily factual) attacks against opponents became the norm.



SHOCKED

It was at that point Raming realized that if he wanted to get to the truth of what was really happening in our country he would have to start reading. And once he started he couldn't stop, because each book led him to several other books that he couldn't ignore. After several months he was shocked by the history that had been hidden from the populace, and the facts that had been distorted in order to further a secret agenda that most Americans know nothing about. Raming had a bachelor's degree in history from UCLA, and he had been unfamiliar with the real facts until recently. He then decided that it was imperative that the American people be informed about how their government had been stolen right out from under them. He worked to write a book that would expose the shadow government to America and show how a global elite had cleverly seized control of the nation.

War and Death of the American Dream provides a historical link from the secret societies with their roots in old Europe down to the current policies of the U.S. government. The book is written with the "average American" in mind, the man in the street who is new to the story of how our government has been infiltrated by the global elite and details much of the historical background.

Regarding George Bush's scheme for the Middle East, the author asks where in the Constitution did the Founding Fathers say that the purpose of the U.S. government was to spread "democracy" throughout the world?

Read *War and Death* and you'll understand the clever system of propaganda, lies and deception that have been used to dumb us down.

Since *War and Death of the American Dream* was published, Raming's struggle has been to get the word out to the American people—and fast. The media conglomerates do not want the American people to know what is really going on, so all of their talk show hosts have been given the word to avoid this subject like the plague. But the truth shall ultimately prevail, with a few hardworking groups working together, people like those at Unite America Now (Raming's group), TBR, the weekly newspaper *American Free Press* and a growing number of others. ❖

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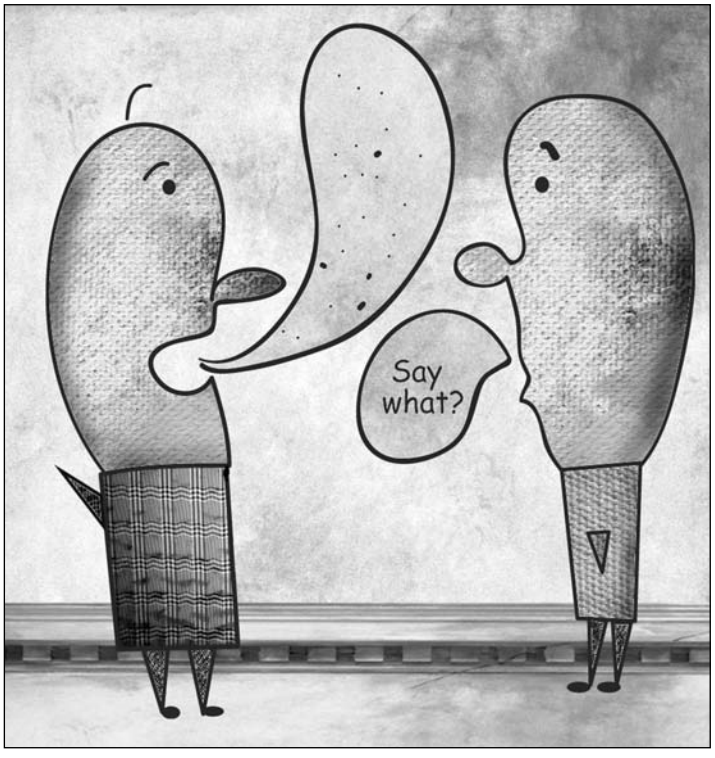
Conversing with the Politically Correct

BY EDGAR J. STEELE



Talking to a liberal establishmentarian is much like talking to a 6-year-old. You can't just come on like gangbusters. You have to learn how to use child psychology on them. This powerful, abrasive, often humorous article offers tips on talking with establishment-brainwashed Americans, with an eye to converting them to the truth.

Tired of being the odd one at family gatherings? Sick of friends who apologize for you to others by warning them that you are a "white supremacist" or a "racist"? Having trouble meeting girls? If married, do you have the sense that your wife slowly is slipping away? That your children are vaguely ashamed of you? Tired of being angry and upset about any or all of the foregoing, but unwilling to "go over to the other side"? Get in line.

"One of my closest friends said to me one day: "Eddie, character is something that comes from within. We don't wear it and we can't live in it."

The good news is, you have a lot of company. The bad news is, you keep shooting yourself in the foot. I've been there. I know.

Today I have a healthy and robust family life with a wife of 10 years who respects my opinions and even shares a great many of them. My kids are proud of me, despite occasionally being tarred with the brush that regularly is used on me. We all are plugged into normal society, with normal friends (in my case, all things are relative, of course), normal interests and normal pastimes. We all love each other—a lot. I'm a lucky guy, for these are the things that really matter. But—is it really just luck?

Often, I remark to my children that the world is full of morons, a phrase that has become a mantra for us and turned into one of our longest-running family jokes. But it isn't really a joke—not in the sense that I mean it.

It is simply amazing how stupid everyone can seem to be, isn't it? Even close friends and family members can seem like empty-headed dolts when politically incorrect concepts come up. It is a powerful urge to take them straight on and overwhelm them with the sheer strength of your logic, so that is just what you do. And, every single time, you end up dusted, muttering to yourself about how the world is full of morons. Does any of this ring a bell for you?

There's an old joke that goes: "I can win any argument, just ask any of a number of my ex-friends!" What? You're not laughing?

Well, listen up. There is hope.

DARE TO BE NORMAL

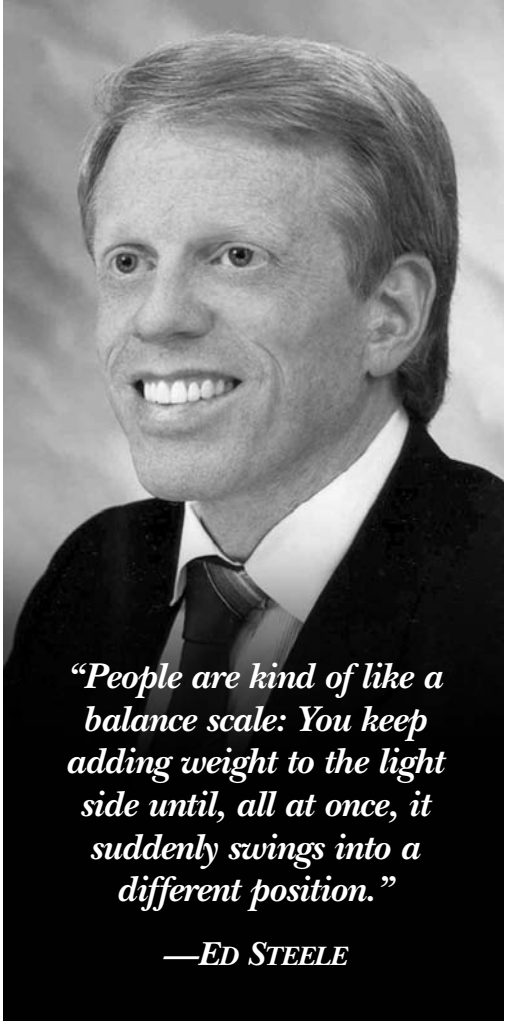
One of my closest friends brought me up short one day long ago when, in response to my chiding him for moving into one of those vast, rambling plastic apartment complexes: "Eddie," he said, "character is something that comes from within. We don't wear it and we can't live in it." When you hear a fundamental truth like that, it validates itself with an internal ring of authenticity, doesn't it? Some things simply do not require proof.

Just look at so many teenagers and young adults, yet to discover their own inherent character (or lack of it)—putting on odd clothes and hairstyles in an attempt to distinguish themselves from their parents and teachers. Body Piercing. Tattoos. Profanity. Anything to be

different, it seems. Anything to be an individual. Anything to have character. They haven't learned what my friend so effortlessly knew by instinct.

In fact, their odd appearance and demeanor gets in the way of getting along with the rest of us, doesn't it? Consider—why would it be any different for you?

Dare to be normal. Look and act like everyone else and they will assume you are one of them. You are, you know. There is very little difference among us, when all is said and done. Go along to get along. No, not ideologically, though moderation might serve you better than extremism in that arena, as well. If you truly want to persuade others, then be as acceptable to them as possible, so that you can get close enough to plant those seeds of dissent into their psyches.



"People are kind of like a balance scale: You keep adding weight to the light side until, all at once, it suddenly swings into a different position."

—Ed Steele

GO FOR THE EASY KILL FIRST

Because we all are pretty much the same (even liberals, believe it or not), our pushable buttons all are in the same places. Choose your points of entry with care when approaching others on politically incorrect topics, to ensure you get initial agreement and acceptance. All salesmen know that once you have gotten someone to say yes a few times, it is much easier to keep them saying it.

Even liberals have strong feelings about unfairness. Consider just how unfair are things like affirmative action, hiring/school admission quotas, slave reparations and the like. Get someone voicing displeasure with their kids' education being worse than ineffective because half their classmates belong in remedial institutions, and it is a big step toward getting them to see what's wrong with multiculturalism and miscegenation.

LISTEN

Ever notice how you seem to develop your thinking and your positions while you are busy talking? We all do that. Employ that fact as your main strategy. Get the other person talking and keep them talking. Get them to say what you want to say so that they actually end up defending their new-found position against your devil's advocate questioning. We all love to talk. We all love to be listened to. What is your objective, after all—stroking your own ego or persuading others? Listen. It's easy. It is the basic strategy of true persuasion.

NUDGE THEM INTO POSITION

Persuading another can be likened to a tugboat guiding an ocean liner into her berth: you must apply constant pressure, pressure which barely is felt by the other. Otherwise, you create your own opposition and force them to defend (and, often, adopt) a position contrary to the very one to which you seek to bring them. You know what I'm talking about because you've done it far too often.

The primary technique employed in the strategy of persuasive listening is to ask leading questions, questions which suggest the very answer you seek. Questions to which you already know the answer. Questions which you know the other person will answer in a certain way, thereby taking the first steps down a path you have charted. Make it topical, if possible, so that the other person has some knowledge but has yet to harden into a position about the subject. For example, "Hey, did you catch the Academy Awards? Did you see Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ*? What happened?"

A secondary technique is to share some compelling and honest portion of yourself, thereby forging a bond of intimacy and trust which compels the other person to respond in kind. "I feel like I've let my son down, somehow, simply because I can't afford to send him to my alma mater, UCLA, due to the amount of out-of-state tuition they want. Did you know that illegal aliens get that requirement waived!"

Ask the leading question or share yourself succinctly, then stand back. You will be amazed at the results.

OVERCOMING OBJECTIONS

Sales people talk about handling a prospect's "considerations," *en route* to closing a deal. Consideration: "This car's pretty old." Response: "Yeah, but she sure does run well—they don't make them like this anymore, you know."

You will have to do the same. Consideration: "I take people individually, one at a time." Response: "Society doesn't, you know. It passes out favors to whole groups—and we're not in any of them." Or: "When was the last time you had the favor returned by any of them?" Or: "Is it simply coincidental that blacks are 50 times more likely to commit violent crimes than whites? Fifty times! Do you believe in coincidence? There's more than social injustice going on there."

Don't look for on-the-spot conversions; you won't get them. But that doesn't mean you haven't made a difference. Everything you say goes into the hopper. The more credibility you have with another, the more weight they accord to what you say. People are kind of like a balance scale: You keep adding weight to the light side until, all at once, it suddenly swings into a different position. Be satisfied that you were heard, and be there when they come back for more. ❖

Edgar J. Steele is a lawyer who tries cases throughout the West Coast, being admitted to the bar in California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, as well as several federal district and special courts and the U.S. Supreme Court. He can be contacted at P.O. Box 1255, Sagle, ID 83860 or steele@plainlawtalk.com. Visit his website at: www.conspiracypenpal.com.
TBR recommends Steele's hardhitting book *Defensive Racism: An Unapologetic Examination of Racial Differences* (hardback, 376 pp., $29.95). Add $3 S&H domestic. Make checks to ProPer Press and mail to address above. See more at www.DefensiveRacism.com.

Was Ice Age America Victimized by a Massive Supernova?

Latest evidence indicates a major cosmic event wiped out Clovis Man in America & triggered the extinction of the mammoths, sabertooth cats, giant sloths & other megafauna

By John Tiffany

For years we have been told by the experts that the earliest men in America belonged to the Clovis Mongoloid culture. We were told that the Clovis people came here from East Asia and were the original Indians. And we were told that it is likely the Clovis people hunted many of the fantastic animals that lived in North America into extinction. Today, however, the weight of the evidence would suggest that all of those statements are false.

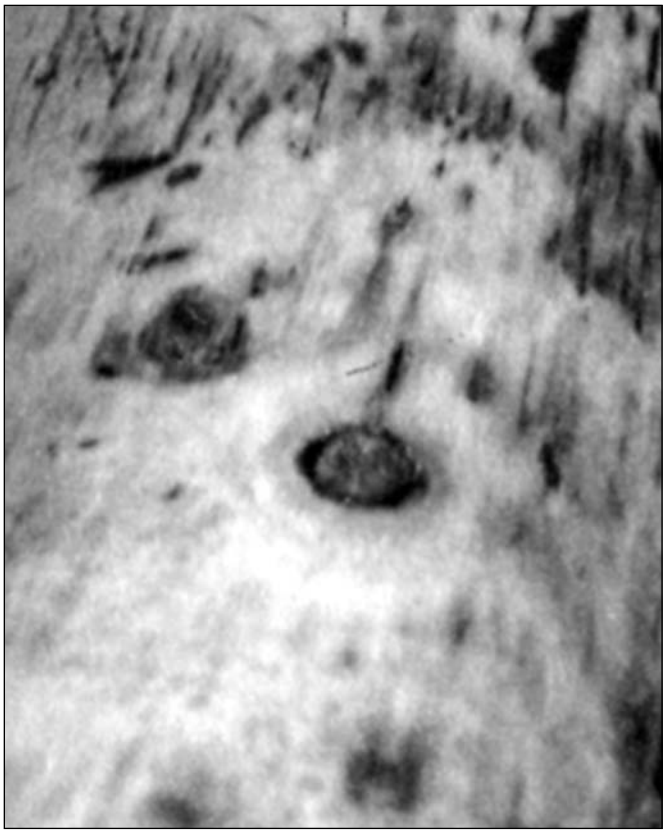
Around 10,000-13,000 years ago, some 30 species of mammals disappeared from the North American continent. Included were horses, camels, several types of giant ground sloths, some strange-looking antelope species, bears much larger than today's grizzlies, sabertooth cats and the American lion (not to be confused with the puma, this was larger than the modern African lion). Most of these were large-bodied, and therefore they are often labeled the "extinct megafauna." This fauna also included members of Proboscidea, the elephant order, such as the various species of mammoth as well as the American mastodon, *Mammut americanum.*

A controversy has existed over this megafauna extinction, concerning whether it was due to climate changes at the end of the Pleistocene epoch, or hunting activities of the earliest native Americans, a culture of the Caucasian race known as Clovis Man, who may have come across the Atlantic Ocean from Spain, where his ancestors are known as Solutrean Man. (The Solutrean-Clovis connection was the subject of a recent Discovery Channel show, available from TBR on DVD. See the inside back cover.) Clovis humans existed throughout the Americas between 8,000 and 10,000 B.C.

It seems unlikely on the face of it that early man succeeded in hunting to death all these different species at the same time, especially such formidable and probably not very edible species as the sabertooth cat and the giant lions and bears. What is more, many scientists fail to consider the important fact that Clovis Man himself seems to have gone extinct at the same time as the megafauna. This indicates that rather than being the perpetrator of the extinction, he was one of its victims.

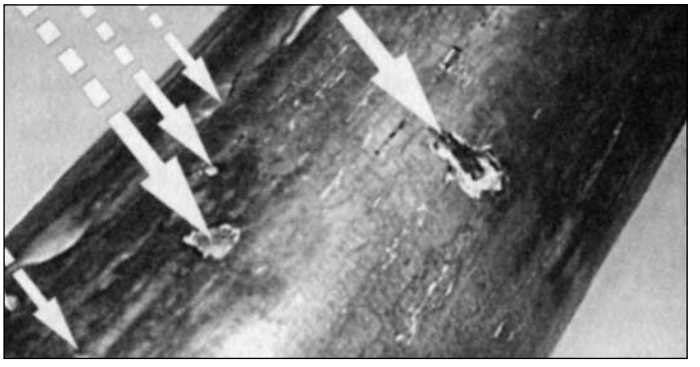
A distant supernova that exploded 41,000 years ago may have led to the extinction of the mammoth, according to research conducted by nuclear scientist Richard Firestone of the U.S. Department of Energy's Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory (Berkeley Lab).

Incidentally, many establishment scientists refuse to acknowledge the overwhelming evidence that Clovis Man was not the first culture in America. The Clovis dogma sets humans in the Americas at 10,000 B.C. and no earlier. However, Folsom Man lived in North America circa 10,000 B.C.; Sandia humans lived 20,000 years ago, and the Del Mar and San Bernardino humans lived 48,000 and 100,000 years ago, respectively. These latter groups hunted, fished and gathered wild vegetable foods along seacoasts and inland. In some cases, the artifacts (bones and stones) of pre-Clovis humans undoubtedly now lie beneath the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, because the melting glaciers and icecaps raised sea levels. Kennewick Man lived about 9,000 B.C. to 7,000 B.C.



Micrometeorites Embedded in Dense Ivory Mammoth Tusks

Large quantities of micrometeorite-like particles have been found in mammoth tusks, spearheads and other items that would have been exposed to the atmosphere at the time when Clovis Man and the megafauna vanished from the Earth. Here are two photos of mammoth tusks with micrometeorite craters. (The arrows in the second photo show the direction of impact.) Calculations show the particles must have been traveling at thousands of miles per hour (entrance velocity greater than approximately half a mile per second) in order to penetrate the hard ivory as deeply as they did. *Only objects from outer space could attain these far-faster-than-a-bullet speeds.*



Human artifacts at Valsequillo, Mexico are dated at an almost incredible 250,000 years ago by fission-track dating of igneous rocks and uranium dating of a camel pelvis. (Steen-McIntyre)

Gold-bearing gravel in California between the 1850s and 1890s turned up human skulls, mortars/pestles, stone sinkers, double-headed stones, and other artifacts at levels down to 130 feet and beneath thick lava beds. These sediments are 1.6 million year old. (Gentet, SF 75)

Stone tools and hearths have been carbon-14 dated to 30,160 B.C. +/- 100 years at the rockshelter at Boqueirao do Sitio da Pedra Furado, Brazil. (Guidon and Delibrias, SF 47) Cut bones and a stone tool at Toca da Esperanca (Grotto of Hope), at Central, Brazil were dated to 300,000 B.C. by uranium-thorium testing at the Weak Radiation Laboratory in France. (Muello, SF 54) Tools and radio-carbon dating of hearths at Monte Verde, Chile were dated to 31,000 B.C. (Morlan, SF 72)

"At least five South American archeologists admitted that they are suppressing pre-12,000-year-old data out of fear that their funds would be cut off by colleagues who endorse the short-chronology school of thought." (Wilford, SF 65) The old dogma (10,000 B.C.) proponents oppose almost all the cultural context and dating at Monte Verde. Lynch says, "Most of all I find it improbable that 13,000- and 33,000-year-old sites would be found, one nearly on top of the other." (SF 70) Academic bias and the golden rule—"he who has the gold makes the rules"—are placing unscientific brakes on new discoveries.

SUPERNOVA THEORY

Firestone collaborated with Arizona geologist Allen West on a study of how a supernova may well have caused the extinction of both the megafauna and the Clovis people.

Firestone, West and Simon Warwick-Smith have co-authored a book, *The Cycle of Cosmic Catastrophes: Flood, Fire, and Famine in the History of Civilization* (paperback, 392 pp., available from Bear & Co., Rochester, Vermont).

They believe debris from a supernova explosion coalesced into low-density, cometary objects that wreaked havoc on the Solar System. Several such comets may have hit North America 13,000 years ago, unleashing cataclysmic events that killed off most of the mammoths and many other large North American mammals.

Firestone, West and Simon Warwick-Smith point to a "sub-basin" in Lake Michigan that might very possibly be the main crater caused by these cometary impacts.

In addition, they have found, in the field, evidence of an "impact layer" at several sites throughout North America where Clovis artifacts and human-butchered mammoths have been unearthed. It is known that human activity ceased at these sites about 13,000 years ago—the same time that mammoths disappeared.

In a stunning development, they also found evidence of the supernova explosion's initial shockwave: 34,000-year-old mammoth tusks that are peppered with tiny impact craters apparently produced by iron-rich grains traveling at an estimated 6,200 miles per second. These grains may have been emitted from a supernova that exploded roughly 7,000 years earlier and about 250 light years from Earth, the authors believe.

Says Firestone: "Our research indicates that a 6.5-mile-wide comet, which may have been composed from the remnants of a supernova explosion, could have hit North America 13,000 years ago. This event was preceded by an intense blast of iron-rich grains that impacted the planet roughly 34,000 years ago."

In support of the comet impact, Firestone and West also found

magnetic metal spherules in the sediment of nine 13,000-year-old Clovis sites in Michigan, Canada, Arizona, New Mexico and the Carolinas. Low-density carbon spherules, charcoal and excess radioactivity were also characteristic of these sites.

"Armed with only a magnet and a Geiger counter, we found the magnetic particles in the well-dated Clovis layer all over North America where no one had looked before," Firestone adds. (Their book is very readable, like a detective novel, but goes into a great wealth of technical details that cannot be covered in this article.)

For example, Berkeley Lab's Al Smith used the Lab's Low-Background Counting Facility to detect radioactive isotope potassium-40 in several Clovis arrowhead fragments. Researchers at Becquerel Laboratories also found that some Clovis-layer sediment samples are significantly enriched with this exotic isotope.

Firestone says: "The potassium-40 in the Clovis layer is much more abundant than potassium-40 in the Solar System. This isotope is formed in considerable excess in an exploding supernova, and has mostly decayed since the Earth was formed. We therefore believe that whatever hit the Earth 13,000 years ago originated from an exploded supernova."

The researchers also uncovered evidence of an earlier event that blasted parts of the Earth with iron-rich grains. Three mammoth tusks found in Alaska and Siberia, which were carbon-dated to be about 34,000 years old, are pitted with slightly radioactive, iron-rich impact sites caused by high-velocity grains. Because tusks are composed of dentine, which is a very hard material, these craters aren't easily formed. In fact, tests with shotgun pellets traveling 1,000 miles per hour produced no penetration in the tusks. Much higher energies are needed: x-ray analysis determined that the impact depths are consistent with grains traveling at speeds approaching 6,500 miles per second.

"This speed is the known rate of expansion of young supernova remnants," says Firestone.

The authors point to Geminga, a supernova remnant in the constellation Gemini, as the probable culprit. Cometary impacts, probably from the same supernova, also explain the mysterious Carolina Bays and similar formations elsewhere in North America and Europe, say the three authors. (See page 39.)

The supernova theory is further corroborated by radiocarbon measurements. Physical evidence discovered at Clovis sites and in the mammoth tusks matches up with radiocarbon spikes found in Icelandic marine sediment samples that are 41,000, 34,000 and 13,000 years old. These peaks represent radiocarbon peaks that are 150%, 175% and 40% above modern levels, respectively. Firestone contends they can only have been caused by a cosmic ray-producing event such as a supernova.

"The 150% increase of radiocarbon found in 41,000-year-old marine sediment is consistent with a supernova exploding 250 light years away, when compared to observations of a radiocarbon increase in tree rings from the time of the nearby historical supernova SN 1006," says Firestone.

"Supernova explosions very near the Earth are infrequent but ancient stories describe seeing a twin sun in our skies. This is exactly the way a close supernova would appear from Earth."

In the year A.D. 1006, a new star appeared in the sky. Over the course of a few days, the rogue star became brighter than Venus. The star, likely the talk of everyone who could see it, was recorded by people who lived in Japan, China, Egypt, Iraq, Italy and Switzerland. The celestial "newcomer" took months to fade. Modern observations have been used to measure the speed of the still-expanding shock wave, allowing a better estimate of its distance and hence a better estimate of the true brightness of the supernova. SN 1006 was likely the brightest supernova on record.

Firestone adds that it would take 7,000 years for the Geminga supernova's iron-rich grains to travel 250 light years to the Earth, which corresponds to the time of the next marine sediment radiocarbon spike and the dating of the 34,000-year-old mammoth tusks. The most recent sediment spike corresponds with the end of the Clovis era and the comet-like bombardment.

Geminga, when it lit up the sky thousands of years ago, was probably far brighter than SN 1006.

TWO SUNS

Supernova explosions very near the Earth are infrequent. However, a few ancient cultural stories describe seeing a twin sun in our skies. This is exactly the way a close supernova would appear. Some supernovas in distant galaxies briefly give off more light than the entire rest of their galaxies. If such a supernova occurred very close to Earth, it definitely would rival the Moon, and perhaps even

Overturning American Archeology

BOOK: No Bone Unturned: The Legal Battle for America's Oldest Skeletons. Investigative journalist Jeff Benedict not only unveils a compelling portrait of the man behind America's most notorious case of historical suppression but also gives a fascinating look inside the world of forensic science as seen through the eyes of a leading specialist, the Smithsonian's Doug Owsley. A curator for the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, Owsley has handled over 10,000 skeletons. And that included the infamous Kennewick Man, a 9,800-year-old skeleton found in shallow water along Washington state's Columbia River. Just days before Owsley was to begin studying the Kennewick skeleton, federal authorities seized it and announced it would be repatriated to the Native American tribes who claimed it as their own. For six years Owsley fought a legal and politically charged battle that put everything at risk. Here is his story. Hardback, 304 pages, #387, ***$25.95***. Softcover, #387A, ***$13.95***. TBR subscribers take 10% off prices.

VIDEO: The Mystery of the First American: The Saga of the Kennewick Man. Just who made it to America first? The answer may surprise you. This video explores the discovery of the 9,000-year-old Kennewick Man skeleton and the implications of this find on the accepted theories of the populating of the Americas. The skeleton, you see, is that of a male of an ancient Caucasoid race. Also details American Indian and Establishment efforts—with the help of Bill Clinton—to bury the find under tons of rubble—to hide the truth about the first Americans. #243, VHS, 100 minutes, ***$20.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers.

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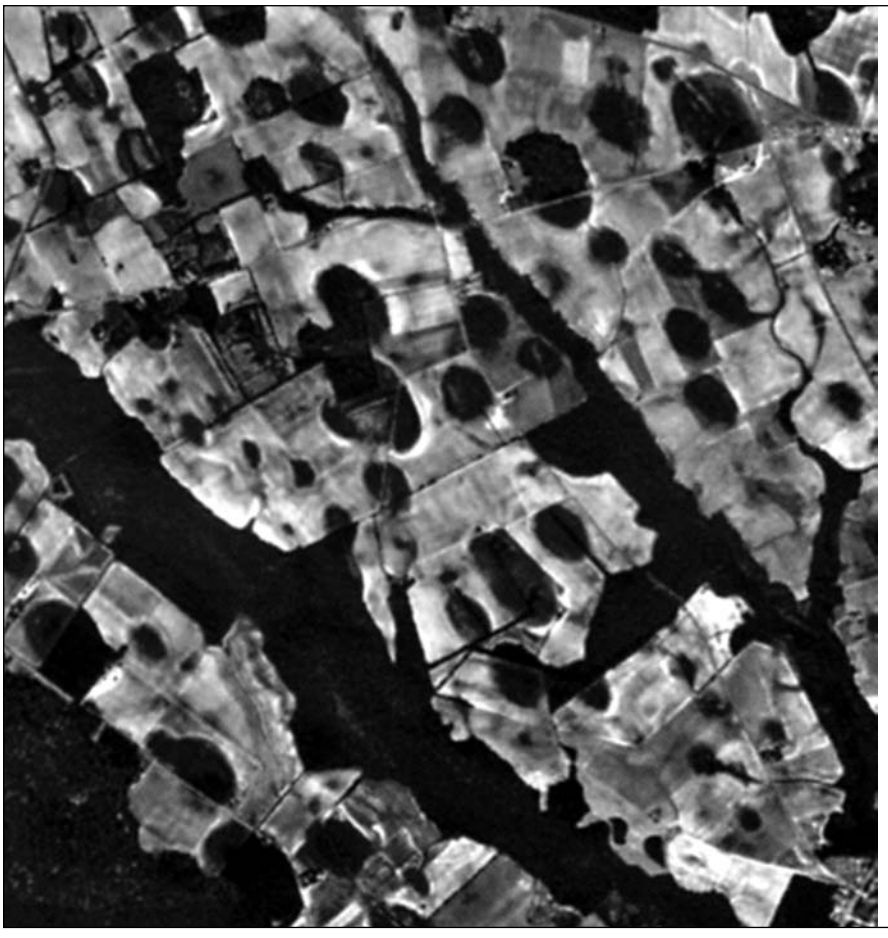
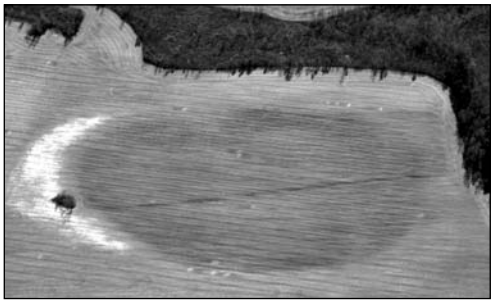


The Mysterious Carolina 'Pokosin' Formations Defy Explanation Until Now

The famous Carolina bays (sometimes known by their Algonkian name of pokosins) are oriented oval structures found in the Carolinas and neighboring states (left and below). Geologists are unsure of their origin. The strongest hypothesis is that they are of extraterrestrial origin, caused by a comet-like body, possibly debris from a supernova explosion, that broke up in the Earth's atmosphere, scattering pieces that gouged out depressions that are all oriented in a northwest-southeast direction. Similar craters are found in several other areas of North America.



the Sun, in size and brightness for many weeks. Obviously, the supernova would be visible during the day, dimming as the radioactive isotopes produced in its remnant decayed.

Ancient stories from a number of tribes are cited by Firestone, West and Warwick-Smith. These tales, they say, are more than a simple chronicle of a disaster that wiped out most humans 13,000 years ago; they are stories about survival. "After all," say the authors in *Cycle*, "these stories came from the ones who survived and tell us how they did it: by listening to the warnings and by taking the appropriate action. Today, we face the same threat from the skies that they did. It has not gone away. The question is this: will we learn anything from them? Or will we have to stumble blindly through a similar disaster with equally grave consequences?"

Says Prof. Anders Nilsson, of the Synchrotron Radiation Laboratory, Stanford University, and the Department of Physics, Stockholm University, Sweden: *"The Cycle of Cosmic Catastrophes* tells a fascinating, remarkable and scientifically convincing story that will change how we look at our world. The important conclusion that catastrophes like this could happen again at any time should inspire a united global effort to confront this serious danger to Earth." ❖

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Events of the Medieval Era And their Effect On Modern Language

Origins of modern sayings found in how people lived

MANY OF OUR MODERN CUSTOMS AND SAYINGS that might strike you as odd if you really think about them make sense when we look back and see their historical origins. A surprising number of sayings hark back to the 16th century. Here are some examples of how life in the 1500s has influenced the way we behave and speak today.

BY E. STANLEY RITTENHOUSE

Many people in the 16th century got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled all right by June. But they were starting to smell. Brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. This is the origin of the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

One's bath consisted of a large tub filled with more-or-less hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the hot, clean water. Next came his sons and all the other men. Then came the women and then the children, the oldest ones first. Last of all were the babies. By then the water was so filthy you could literally lose someone in it. From this comes our saying "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Most houses had thatched roofs—straw piled high, with no ceiling underneath. There was nothing to stop bugs and bits of old straw etc from falling into the house. This posed a problem in the bedroom where undesirable droppings could mess up one's bed. Hence, beds were developed with tall posts and a sheet hung over the top, which afforded some protection. In this way, canopy beds came into existence, which today are fashionable rather than functional.

The floor consisted of soil. Only the wealthy had anything fancier, and not many people were wealthy. Hence the saying "dirt poor." Rich people sometimes had slate floors. These would get slippery in the winter when wet, so the people spread "thresh" (an old word for straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As winter wore on, they did not remove the old material; instead they simply added more thresh until, when you opened the door, the stuff would start slipping outside. To prevent the loss of the precious straw, a piece of wood was placed in the entranceway. Hence the term "a thresh hold."

People cooked with a large kettle that always hung over a fire. Every day they rekindled the fire and added whatever was available to eat to the pot, hence the term "pot luck." Folks ate a lot of vegetables, as mostly they could not get much meat (vegetarianism had not yet been invented). They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then heat them up again the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for a week or more. Hence the nursery rhyme: "Pease (peas) porridge hot, pease porridge cold, pease porridge in the pot nine days old."

On special occasions they might be able to obtain pork, which was considered quite a delicacy. So when visitors came over, the hosts would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could "bring home the bacon." They would cut off some to share with guests and then everyone would sit around and "chew the fat."

If you had enough money, you probably would have dinnerware that was made of pewter, an alloy of lead.

Food with high acid content would cause some of the lead to leach onto your food, causing lead poisoning. After they were introduced from the New World (or if you were living in the New World), this happened quite often with tomatoes. So for 300 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

There is also the factor that as the tomato arrived in Europe the plant became associated with poisonous henbane, mandrake and deadly nightshade, to which it bore more than a passing resemblance. In fact it does belong to that plant family (*Solanaceae*).

Deadly nightshade is a poisonous plant that has been used as both a hallucinogenic drug and a beauty aid in different parts of Europe. The Latin-derived name "belladonna" means "beautiful woman." In the medieval courts of Europe ladies would apply a few drops of nightshade extract to their eyes to dilate their pupils, giving them a look considered most fashionable at the time. (Dilated pupils are also caused by feelings of pleasure, so we instinctively find people with dilated pupils more attractive even now, pleasure being somewhat contagious.)

The hallucinogenic properties of the plant comprised visions and the illusion of flying (hence the notion of witches flying through the air on their broomsticks). German folklore claims that witches used plants like mandrake and nightshade to summon werewolves, a practice known as lycanthropy—the supposed magical ability of some people to assume the characteristics of wolves.

A whole article could easily be written about lycanthropy. For now, we'll just mention that if legends are to be believed, lycanthropy has been with us since King Lycaon was transformed into a wolf, in retribution for serving human flesh to Zeus during a dinner party in ancient Greece.

Another version of the story has it that it was not Lycaon himself, but his 50 impious sons who entertained Zeus and set before him the dish of human flesh. The god pushed away the dish in disgust and either killed the king and/or his sons by lightning or turned them into wolves. (Some say that Lycaon slew and dished up his own son Nyctimus.)

Ever since, the werewolf (*wer* [Anglo-Saxon] = man + *wulf* = wolf) has followed the human race through whispered tales and popular myth.

The old German name for tomato (*Wulf Pfirsich*) translates as "wolf peach," and partly for this reason it was avoided. In the 18th century the tomato species was given the scientific name *Lycopersicum esculentum* (literally "edible wolf-peach").

Bread was divided according to status. Slaves and servants got the burnt bottom of the loaf, and counted themselves lucky to get bread at all. The family got the middle. Special guests got the top, or the "upper crust."

Pewter cups were used to imbibe ale, whiskey or whatever. The combination of alcohol and lead would sometimes knock drinkers out for a couple of days. They could be taken for dead and prepared for burial. People in this condition were laid out on the kitchen table and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they were dead or alive; would they "sleep" forever or wake up? Hence the custom of holding what we call a "wake."

Les Trés Riches Houres du Duc du Berry ("The Very Rich Hours of the Duke of Berry") was created by the renowned illustrators the Limbourg Brothers (Flemish). This manuscript page depicts activities of some common folk in Burgundy, France, during February of 1413-16. The lavish manuscript—rich in telling detail about the way people lived—was commissioned by the wealthy duke of Berry and has illustrations for all months plus constellations and stars one would see in the sky at the featured times of year. Europe was experiencing what is now known as "the Little Ice Age" when this work was commissioned. At lower left, three people hike up their clothes and warm themselves by a fire.

Correcting Old Notions

However, some notions about origins of sayings are false, what scholars call "folk etymologies." For example, here is one we have heard, harking back to "Old Blighty":

England is an old and small nation, and the English people started running out of places to bury folks. So they would dig up coffins, take the bones to a bone house and re-use a grave. When reopening these coffins, about one out of 25 coffins was found to have scratch marks on the inside, so, to their horror, they realized they had actually been burying people alive. To prevent this from happening in the future, especially to themselves or a loved one, they would tie a string on the wrist of the presumed corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would then have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell. Thus, someone could be "saved by the bell." Or if not, he or she was considered a "dead ringer." Or so we are told by the "folk etymologists."

But the following is a more accurate explanation for this particular expression:

A "doppelgaenger" is a ghostly double or counterpart of a living person; in German it means "double goer." This spiritual being inhabits the works of German writers, and is used to symbolize a character's internal conflict. It is also a literary device used in the fiction of English-language authors such as Oscar Wilde, Edgar Allan Poe and Bram Stoker. A doppelgaenger is usually sinister and exists to haunt the living person. An encounter with one's spiritual double (according to superstition) could mean imminent death. If the double is attacked, the living person will soon die or commit suicide.

Outside the world of literature, the term "doppelgaenger" is sometimes used to mean a person (living or dead) who closely resembles someone else. The term "dead ringer" has the same meaning, but it is not a literary term. For example, maybe your friend is a "dead ringer" for George Clooney.

In this slangy use, the adjective "dead" means "perfect, absolute, exact or utmost," as in "you're dead right," "dead on target," probably not in reference to death being the final step in life. Without the adjective "dead," the noun "ringer" just means "a double or counterpart." So "dead ringer" simply means "exact double." ❖

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Digging for the Truth About the 'Gleiwitz Incident' And Who Started WWII

IN THIS ARTICLE FROM the eye-opening book *Los Crimenes de los "Buenos"* [*The Crimes of the "Good Guys,"* 1982], **SEÑOR JOAQUIN BOCHACA** sets the record straight on an incident whose truth, even today and in expert Revisionist circles, is largely unknown. It occurred on the cusp of World War II, on the night of August 31-September 1, 1939. In fact, it was the event the court historians claim really started WWII.

BACKGROUND

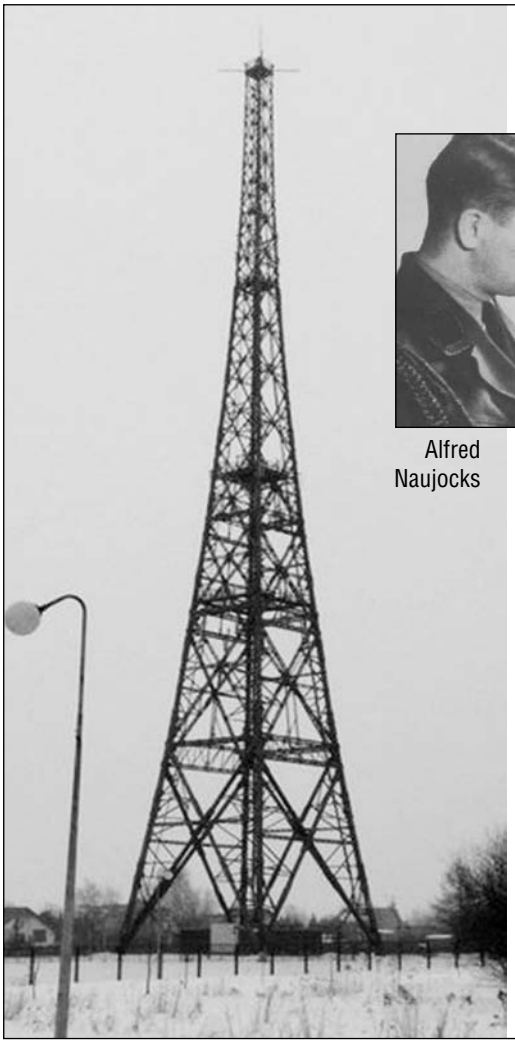
As in the case of the Reichstag fire of 1933, and with equal duplicity, the implacable foreign enemies of Germany accused Hitler of creating what today would be called a "false flag" operation, a "supposedly Polish (but actually German) attack on a German radio station," in this case to start World War II. Hitler "needed an incident," we are taught, and "needed a Polish attack." This would then justify his supposedly long-planned invasion of Poland, which happened on September 1, 1939. Hitler's enemies further imply (by omitting facts that TBR now reveals) that it was an entirely peaceful, good-neighborly Poland that Hitler attacked, an intimidated nation that only had sought British and French aid against a threatening "Nazi juggernaut."

In point of fact, there had indeed been a peaceful and well-run Poland, from 1926-1935, governed by Poland's national independence hero, Marshall Joseph Pilsudski. He had sought excellent relations with Germany, and in 1934 signed a non-aggression pact with the Third Reich. Some have suspected that Pilsudski was actually poisoned in 1935 because of his friendliness toward Germany; he died with suddenness of what was called liver cancer. Pilsudski had chosen peace with Germany after contemplating the implications of the long, defensive Maginot Line into which France was pouring unheard-of billions, and became convinced that France would never actually go on the offensive against Germany; hence Paris's offer of a military guarantee to Poland would prove useless. How right the late Pilsudski was proven to have been in 1939. But in 1939 he was gone and the ultra-nationalists under Gen. Rydz-Smigly were in power, and had convinced themselves that England and France would invade Germany the moment Poland and Germany went to war.

The famous, supposed "Nazi false flag" operation was the August 31-September 1, 1939, attack supposedly by pseudo-Poles who were "really" German commandoes in disguise, on a German radio station near the German border city of Gleiwitz. We are taught that it was Hitler's excuse for going to war, a war in which tens of millions would die.

In point of fact, the evidence for the almost universally accepted version of the Gleiwitz radio station attack has always been of the most tenuous kind. It consists of the "confession" in 1945 of a German SS officer,

LEFT, POLAND'S GEN. RYDZ-SMIGLY



Alfred Naujocks

Was He the Man Who Started WWII?

Born in 1911, SS-Sturmbannfuehrer Alfred Helmut Naujocks (pictured) was, according to court historians, ultimately responsible for World War II in Europe. According to the establishment version of history, on August 31, 1939, Naujocks and his men, disguised as Poles, allegedly led a "false flag" attack on the German-language Gleiwitz (Gliwice) radio station (shown left) in Poland, which led to bogus reports of Poles overrunning the station as part of a concentrated series of 21 faked anti-German attacks on the German-Polish border.

In order to make the attack scene convincing, the Germans allegedly brought in Franciszek Honiok, a German known for sympathizing with the Poles, who had been arrested the previous day by the Gestapo. According to the establishment story, Honiok was dressed to look like a Polish insurgent; then killed by lethal injection, his body was given gunshot wounds and left at the scene so he looked as though he had been killed while attacking the station. His corpse was presented as proof of the attack to the police and press.

At the same time as the Gleiwitz attack, we are supposed to believe there were other incidents orchestrated by Germany along the Polish-German border, such as house torching in the Polish Corridor. The entire project, dubbed Operation Himmler and comprising 21 incidents in all, supposedly was intended to give the appearance of Polish aggression against Germany.

In November of 1944, Naujocks deserted and turned himself over to U.S. forces—who placed him in detention as a possible war criminal.

In his affidavit presented at the Nuremberg Trials, Naujocks declared the attack against the Gleiwitz Radio Tower was under orders from Heydrich and Heinrich Mueller, chief of the Gestapo. After the war he worked as a businessman in Hamburg, where he tried to get rich by peddling his story to the media as "the man who started the war." In fact, his story was phony.

Alfred Naujocks, then in the hands of the Allies. Naujocks was obviously trying to survive at the time, and offering Allied propaganda officials the statement or "confession" they demanded could mean the difference between freedom or long years of prison, torture or perhaps hanging. Adding urgency to Naujock's considerations was the fact that thousands of SS had already been savagely murdered in Allied death camps such as Neuengamme.

As an historical prelude, on March 31, 1939, England and France gave an unconditional guarantee, a true "blank check," to Poland to defend it militarily and march with it on Germany. It has been called a "blank check" because it put no conditions on Poland; Poland could say or do whatever it wanted to the German Reich or to its own Germanic minority of 1.2 million. Ultra-nationalist hotheads and mobs in Poland now wanted directly to provoke a war wherein the three countries would attack the Reich simultaneously; then Poland, so went the notion, would annex half of Germany.

This would fulfill Marshall Rydz-Smigly's personal dream of trotting on horseback as a conqueror through the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin and watering his steed in Berlin's Spree River. This supposed three-nation attack on Germany would also let Poland fulfill a Pan-Slavist dream of "retaking" German lands that, a thousand years before, had indeed been lightly settled by Slavs. (Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden and other Slavic-named German cities in the east actually were tiny Slavic villages a millennium ago. The Germans actually had been there before the Poles, but had moved south into the collapsing Roman empire 700 years earlier, leaving what is now eastern Germany nearly uninhabited.)

With the new Polish clique seeing war as eminently desirable for the creation of Greater Poland and the historic Slavist chance to reverse 10 centuries of German eastward development, civilian mobs (and loose-cannon factions within the Polish military), urged on by inflammatory press reports, felt free, after the signing of the British-French unconditional guarantee, to harass, boycott, beat, pillage and even massacre ethnically German Polish civilians whom the 1920 Treaty of Versailles had drawn inside Poland's new borders. All these provocations were designed to needle Adolf Hitler into "taking the bait" and starting a war. Hitler did go to war, but not until after five months of official protests, and increasing warnings to Warsaw, during the spring and summer of 1939.

THE ATTACK ON GLEIWITZ STATION— THE "GOOD GUYS" START WWII:

We would like now to refer, even if very summarily, to what would be—and I employ the conditional tense deliberately—the first war crime of World War II, chronologically speaking. I am referring to the attack on the radio station at Gleiwitz. Hungarian author Joseph Sueli refers to the episode in the following manner:

On the night of August 31, I was listening to Radio Gleiwitz, a German radio station just next to the Polish border. Suddenly, a few minutes after midnight, the musical program stopped and excited voices announced, in German, that the city of Gleiwitz had been invaded by irregular Polish troops, who were just then approaching the radio station.

Then suddenly there was silence. I kept the radio on and at two o'clock in the morning [now the first of September] Radio Gleiwitz began broadcasting in Polish. Radio Cologne [from the other end of Germany] announced that German troops were now rousting out the invaders of Gleiwitz.

At six in the morning the German troops invaded Poland. Some days after the war began I read a tiny paragraph in the English press, according to which the Germans asserted, among other things, that the Poles had, in fact, begun the war, invading Gleiwitz in the wee hours of the morning of September 1.

Here is a summary of the version of the incident put out by author H.S. Hegner:

Heinrich Mueller, a high functionary in the Gestapo, had been tasked (by someone, perhaps Hitler) with concocting an official motive for Germany's declaring war on Poland. A hundred prisoners from German concentration camps were taken to the city of Oppeln, next to the Polish frontier. These men were put into German SS uniforms and posted near the frontier. There they were surprise-attacked by German soldiers dressed in turn in Polish uniforms, who pounced on the poor prisoners—the faux SS—and murdered them. That was part one.

"In the hours preceding the outbreak of hostilities there were numerous altercations between Poles and Germans. These altercations all took place on the soil of Germany."

Once this was done, the Germans in their Polish uniforms next headed toward the Polish frontier and, in passing, occupied and burned their own German customs post in Hohenlinde. Next, an alleged agent of the Gestapo named Naujocks, in command of German soldiers disguised as members of a Polish patriotic paramilitary organization—a detail that Hegner omits to mention—attacked the German radio station in Gleiwitz.

In the Gleiwitz operation there was only one fatality, which Mueller conveniently took care of. It was of a prisoner wearing a Polish military uniform, who had been rendered unconscious by an injection and was afterwards executed in the course of the action.

Now let's see what the Germans had to say about it:

August 31. 4. Communication from the chief of police in Glei - witz. The Gleiwitz radio station was assaulted by irregular Polish troops who, for a moment, succeeded in occupying the station. The irregulars were chased out by the German Frontier Police. During their defense [of the station] one Polish irregular was mortally wounded.

5. Communication from a representative of the town of Troppau: In the night of August 31/September 1, the customs house of Hohenlinde was attacked by Polish irregulars who succeeded in occupying it; but thanks to a counterattack by the auxiliary troops (Waffen-SS), the irregulars were routed.

If we compare Hegner's text with the official German text we will see that that whole convoluted action makes no sense. It was not witnessed by anyone—that is, anyone neutral—and there were no photographs taken by German propaganda of the SS men in their purported disguise as Polish "irregulars"—not a well pulled-off false flag. We must assume that no such photographs exist.

On the other hand, in the official German document there are mentioned fully 44 acts of Polish aggression over the six days and nights before the German invasion (about 4 a.m. on September 1). In this text it is clearly stated that the attackers did not wear Polish uniforms, but that they were irregular troops, both in Hohenlinde and in Gleiwitz. And finally, according to the German documents detailing Polish prewar attacks, the post of Hohenlinde was not burned, but merely occupied.

If we compare the two texts—that of Hegner and the official German report—we will see that:

1) If the Germans had disguised prisoners in SS uniforms and afterwards killed them, to show outraged Germans that their boys had been done in, there can be no reasonable doubt that it would have been with the goal of making the event known, whether by photographs or by written documents. Neither of the two incidents listed in the German version quoted above, Hohenlinde or Gleiwitz, nor the other 42 incidents between August 25 and September 1 contained in the Germans' *Weissbuch* [White Book], mentioned that even a single German in the SS had been killed.

2) The official German sources mention the irregular nature of the attacking troops, and so define the single Polish fatality mentioned in both their account and Hegner's. It is simple logic that if this report had been "cooked up" by members of the Gestapo—as Hegner claims—it too would have been with the intention of making it public. In fact, the only writer affiliated with the Allies who has tried to sell this bizarre story of prisoners disguised as Germans and Germans disguised as Poles is Hegner, who may have his own agenda. There exists no official version with respect to this subject—not in the French *Yellow Book* about the war nor in Churchill's *Memoir*s.

The only versions we are served up today are the gospel of the aforementioned Hegner and three or four additional authors—who cite Hegner as their source.

The clearest explanation is this: irregular Polish troops—probably not under the command of the regular Polish army—made an incursion into German territory. This constituted the first two war crimes of World War II, both by "the Allies," because it is a war crime

Joaquin Bochaca, Esq. is undoubtedly the premier Revisionist author in the Spanish language world, which features Revisionist writers virtually unknown to English-speakers (although not to Europeans). Bochaca, an attorney with a uniquely hard-hitting, clear, and masculine prose, is also a literary theorist and translator of Ezra Pound from the English and Hermann Hesse from the German. He also speaks and translates French, but above all else, this Barcelona resident is a lover of Catalan and of his native Catalonia.

to ever use irregular, non-uniformed troops—this invites attacks on any suspicious civilians [See page 51 of this issue for the inevitable consequences of such actions.—Ed.]—and another to attack a country when a declared state of war does not exist.

In this whole confused affair only one thing emerges with clarity: that in the hours preceding the outbreak of hostilities there were numerous altercations between Polish irregulars and regular or auxiliary Germans (SS Field Gendarmes, customs police etc) and that these altercations all took place on the soil of Germany.

We must not forget one continuing discrepancy as to time. The Hungarian writer Sueli reported hearing, at 12 midnight, Gleiwitz station saying it was under attack; at two in the morning he says he heard Radio Gleiwitz broadcast in Polish; a little later he heard another station, Radio Cologne, announce that the attack was being repelled.

However, the official German communiqué gives 9 p.m. (on August 31) as the hour of the attack, while Hegner affirms that it was at 8 p.m. Why does the German communiqué not describe the attack as being in the early morning hours of September 1, as does Suelis's account? We are inclined to suppose that, when on the eve of a war 44 separate belligerent actions are recorded along a frontier as long as the German/Polish border of 1939, one of them could have been omitted, especially if there had been more than one attack in roughly the same place.

We have wished to call particular attention to these events in Gleiwitz/Hohenlinde because there has been an effort, at the expense of real history, to incorporate Hegner's yarn, later repeated by other authors who cited him, into the official history by the well-known publicity tactic of systematic repetition. Eventually such a myth then becomes "a well-known fact." ❖

The 'Ethnic Cleansing' of Germans in Poland

Here is a representative list of just some of the reports by German consuls in Poland to Berlin between April 13 and August 20, 1939, provided by Joaquin Bochaca. We note that the incidents began within two weeks of the time the British and French handed Poland a "blank check" for support in any upcoming war.

April 13: The German consul in Posen sends a note to Reich Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, informing him of attacks against ethnic Germans in Wongrowitz, Zabczyn, Gollantsch, Wollstein, Margonin, Waldthal, Lipiagora and Klecko. There were three very serious injuries and heavy damage to homes and stores. The previous boycott of German businesses was continuing, ruining them and plunging Germans into bankruptcy.

On the same day, the German consul general in Danzig, von Janson, informs von Ribbentrop that large crowds in Pomerelia are carrying out anti-German demonstrations. There were numerous assaults against ethnic Germans in the Berent district. The Germans did not dare leave their homes there and were burying their valuables in the ground. One hundred of them had fled Pomeralia to safety in Danzig.

April 23: The German consul in Kattowitz, Noeldeke, states that the boycott of German stores and businesses is being assisted in every way by Polish authorities, who are "continually making decisions that can only wipe out the Germans in Upper Silesia. There has been a soaring number of barbaric excesses against Germans, especially by many Polish youths."

April 24: Consul Noeldeke reports again, and states that the police are in a state of apparent narcolepsy when it comes to violence against Germans. He informs von Ribbentrop that the "National Unification Camp Youth League" has called directly for the "crushing or extermination of the entire German element in Upper Silesia."

May 6: Polish authorities are confiscating German magazines and seizing property from German-language schools. Rocks are being thrown at German businesses, shops and private homes. The local Polish press is inciting hatred in Upper Silesia.

On the same day, the German consul in Lodz, von Berchem, informs F.M. von Ribbentrop of a campaign of ridicule and insults against the German minority, targeting especially German school children, both outside their own German schools and inside Polish-language schools. They are being physically and verbally abused by other students, who are being egged on by their teachers. He decries the fact that farm buildings of two German farmers were burned down by mobs, and all the occupants perished. "Only the livestock were able to get out."

May 22: Werner von Moltke, German ambassador to Warsaw, informs his chief, F.M. von Ribbentrop, of the severe oppression being suffered not only by the German ethnic minority in the west of Poland but also the ethnic Ukrainians and Germans in the east at the hands of both Polish authorities and mobs. Five German schools were closed by the police. Two hundred fifty German families had sold everything they owned at fire-sale prices in the hopes of emigrating to the Reich. They intended to walk across Poland to do so, but instead were stopped and interned in the Polish concentration camp of Bereza-Kartuska. Von Moltke concluded: "Many young people have lost their lives trying to cross the German border, machine-gunned by soldiers of the Polish Border Patrol."

The German consul in Thorn, von Kuchler, reports that due to the continuing exactions and arbitrary measures taken against German businesses, workshops and farms in Pomeralia, the population of German origin is abandoning all its property and fleeing either to Danzig or to the Reich. He details that Polish authorities have just closed all German pharmacies in Pomeralia. His diplomatic report concludes:

> It is understandable that German property owners, because of the continuing vexations, attacks and violence by roaming bands of Poles, are obliged to stay on the lookout all night because they fear the smashing of their windows, but far worse, the burning of their farmhouses, their barns and their crops. They are in a state of absolute desperation which makes them forget all considerations besides leaving this hell to return to the Reich [their distant ancestors had once left]."

June 7: A new "pogrom" occurs in Konstantynow with the blessing of the authorities. Death threats, theft of lumber, felling of fruit trees, poisoning of dogs, and the setting of fires become daily happenings. Those who abandon all their worldly goods and flee toward Germany are arrested before reaching the border and punished severely for "illegal emigration."

June 19: 52 cases of abuse and mistreatment in Pomeralia.

June 22: "Numerous excesses" against ethnic Germans in the Kattowitz area.

June 23: The voivoda (governor) of Pomerelia orders the seizing of the Hospital of the Order of St. John in Dirschau, and of their other hospital in Driesen. The German monks working in them are given two hours notice.

June 24: News from Pabianice, near Lodz, states that Reich German citizens visiting that city were beaten, and a high school gym, a school and a Protestant church were destroyed.

July 5: Ambassador von Moltke tells von Ribbentrop that the Protestant minister Kleinsdienst, whose family had lived in Volhynia for 200 years, had been expelled from Poland, and that there had been 17 physical assaults on Catholic and Protestant ethnically German clergymen.

July 10: Sixty cooperative dairies are closed in the Posen region. There had been no judge's order, no explanation and no reimbursement offered. This has been the economic ruin of numerous German families.

July 10: A note arrives in Berlin from Thorn, speaking alarmingly of a "campaign of extermination against the German minority." Germans are fleeing harassment, plunder and murder. Those approaching the direction of the German consulate in Thorn must fear worse beatings.

July 11: Ambassador von Moltke discusses the situation with the Polish undersecretary for foreign affairs, Conde Szembek, and protests energetically over the murder of the ethnic German Alois Sornik. He then sends von Ribbentrop his overall assessment: it is impossible to guarantee any German life or German farm in Poland because, with the British "blank check," the Poles now feel safe in seeking out new provocations, sure that after the war the rich lands of the hard-working Germans will belong to the Polish nation.

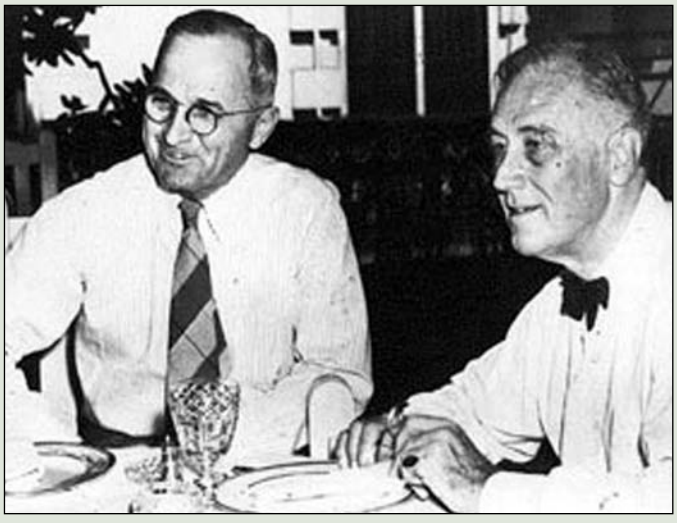
July 15: The German Theater Society in Teschen is shuttered, and assaults with deaths and injuries are being inflicted on both the German and Ukrainian populations of Ochocin, Wicemtowka, Stanislawka, Stray Zapust and Podhajce in Volhynia.

July 20-24. Consuls in Thorn and Kattowitz report 230 assaults on *Volksdeutsche* [Germans whose hard-working ancestors had been

FDR, Truman Planned Poison Gas Attacks

The administrations of presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Harry S Truman had made plans to drop poison gas bombs on Japanese cities during 1945, the last year of World War II, according to documents culled from U.S. Army archives.

By Mike Blair



It appears plans that presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Harry S Truman had made to drop poison gas bombs on Japanese cities during 1945 were preempted by the successful completion of an atomic bomb and its use in devastating the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, 61 years ago.

The chemical weapons, believed to be blistering agents such as mustard gas and lewisite, both developed during WWI, would have been more devastating than the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The documents, which were prepared in June 1945 by the U.S. Army Chemical Warfare Service, were highly classified until 1958 but surfaced only due to the studies of Yoshiaki Yoshimi, a professor of history at Chuo University in Tokyo.

Yoshimi revealed the documents at a symposium in Tokyo on chemical warfare. He had spent years recovering the documents from U.S. archives at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds Historical Office, near Washington.

The plans indicated use of the chemical agents "might easily kill 5 million people and injure as many more." They outlined the proposed deployment of the weapons in a "sudden, full-scale use" on Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama and nearly 50 other large Japanese cities and industrial areas.

By comparison, the U.S. atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki caused the deaths of nearly 200,000 Japanese, mostly civilians (many of them Christians), and a handful of American POWs.

invited by foreign rulers to come and till their most difficult lands]; the Polish police impede any discovery of the number killed.

July 25: Text of a communiqué from the consul in Thorn to von Ribbentrop:

> In recent attacks against the German minority we are now seeing participation by Polish military elements. On July 2, two Germans in the town of Schanzendorf, Bromberg District, after their houses were searched with negative result, were forced by an official to kneel down in the street, with their faces turned toward a fence. Then they were so mistreated by Polish soldiers that blood spurted out of their noses, mouths and ears.

August 9: The German consul in Lemberg, Herr Seelos, reports the absolute ruin of the German minority in Galicia, 55,000 persons, the majority of them rich farmers who had built up the area over several generations. The little town of Schoenthal, in an all-German area, had been set on fire. In another town the Poles set fire to the harvests. The wave of arrests of ethnic Germans, he wrote, has the objective of securing hostages. For two days the Polish authorities have suspended all border crossings. The Polish police in Bielitz have been seizing radios in their house searches.

August 20: The Information Department of the Reich Foreign Ministry publishes 38 recent cases of serious crimes committed against ethnic Germans, including grave injuries and deaths at the hands of marauding soldiers and Polish mobs, including also cases of rape and heinous torture.

Winston Churchill, in a rare moment of fleeting sincerity, said to the Polish foreign minister Josef Beck: "You Poles are oblivious of the fact that for reasons for national pride you are going to precipitate chaos across Europe."

A 1940 "Report on Poland" by the German Foreign Ministry concluded:

> Poland never found a way of establishing a loyal and peaceful relationship between herself and the German minority. Daily intercourse between minority Germans and Poles was a permanent danger to the lives of the former. . . . This unbearable state of affairs, which had existed for years, reached its climax during the weeks prior to the outbreak of war, once the Poles had become convinced that by reason of the guarantee of assistance by the British Government, there was no further need for them to place any restraint on their provocative attitude or their shameful behavior. . . . ❖

Against Japanese Civilian Centers

Before his death in 1966, Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz stated in answer to a question regarding the toughest decision he had to make during World War II: "There were a lot of tough ones. I think when the War Department suggested the use of poison gas during the invasion of Iwo Jima—that was a trying decision. I decided the United States should not be the first to violate the Geneva Conventions."

Yoshimi's findings confirm earlier findings of planned usage of poison gas during World War II and its disposal, mostly in the world's oceans, after the war.

David E. Lilienthal, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, revealed after the war that the U.S. government was prepared to use poison gas against the Japanese late in the war and that a recommendation to that effect was prepared by Gen. George C. Marshall, who served at the time as U.S. Army chief of staff.

In July 1944, Roosevelt also raised the possibility of using bacterial weapons against Japanese crops.

Adm. William D. Leahy, who was present at the time, later recalled:

"Personally, I recoiled from the idea and said to Roosevelt, 'Mr. President, this [using germs and poisons] would violate every Christian ethic I have ever heard of and all of the known rules of law. It would be an attack on the non-combatant population of the enemy. The reaction can be foretold; if we use it, the enemy will use it.'"

As it turned out, Leahy's warning was well founded. After the end of the war, it was discovered the Japanese were in fact developing such germ weapons at secret installations in Manchuria.

In a few instances, Japanese forces used the weapons on Chinese crops, mostly as tests of their potential.

The Japanese had also developed ocean-spanning balloons, which they were capable of loading with biological or chemical agents. Released from Japanese-occupied territories, the balloons would sail across the Pacific Ocean and, being controlled by barometric pressure devices, land upon reaching the United States.

Japanese forces tested the balloons, equipped with incendiary bombs, during the war, and an unknown number reached the U.S. Pacific coastal areas of northern California, Washington and Oregon and in a few instances were responsible for causing forest fires.

The Japanese had also built several giant submarines capable of carrying and launching by catapult small seaplanes, which could have carried chemical or biological bombs.

At least two of these aircraft were in fact launched against U.S. targets along the Pacific coast, and they were able to drop their bombs, although in remote, mostly uninhabited areas. ❖

MIKE BLAIR is an old newshound who has written innumerable articles for the weekly *American Free Press* (and, before it, for *The Spotlight* populist newspaper). He has also written for THE BARNES REVIEW on the Battle of Maldon.

The Lesson of Nuremberg

It Is *Not* What Some May Think

THE HISTORY WE READ IN AMERICA is mostly written by the winners (always anxious to establish their moral justification). And the Nuremberg Trials in 1945-1946 were a farce of victor's justice. However, the Allied leaders in their "noble" quest to enact "justice" at Nuremberg were a little too blatant in their hypocrisy. To insightful historians at least, this kangaroo court exposed the hate-filled, vengeful nature of Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt.

BY WILLIS A. CARTO

Revisionist David Irving's problem is that he is hooked on truth, not a recipe for success for a professional historian. He tries to hold back from telling the whole truth because to do so would speedily put him on the breadline. So he tells as much truth as he thinks he can get away with in this anti-truth world without going to jail.

Obviously he has not been able to perform this difficult dance with complete success, for today he sits in an Austrian jail for the crime of committing freedom of speech.

His 1996 book *Nuremberg: The Last Battle* is a good example of his chronic truth-telling problem. It is a very interesting and highly readable tale of the events and obstacles the victorious Allied powers had in setting up the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal for the punishment of German politicians and generals for their indiscretion in trying to extricate their country from the inferior, subject status imposed on it by the vindictive and unjust Versailles Treaty after losing World War I.

A talented statesman named Adolf Hitler promised the German people he would restore Germany to its rightful position in the world and would repudiate the Versailles Treaty forced on Germany in 1918 by Georges Clemenceau of France and by the British and their Jewish American allies, which he did.

Although Hitler tried very hard to avoid any problem with Britain, hoping to work closely with that nation, a country he deeply admired, the war party there, headed by a conscienceless schemer named Winston Churchill, rejected all his offers, and Great Britain declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939.

It is a little-known fact that throughout the costly and totally unnecessary war that followed, Hitler's diplomats continued to work for a negotiated peace. But Britain, the United States under the diseased Franklin Roosevelt and the Soviet Union under the bloody rule of the Communist Party and the psychopath Josef Stalin, would have none of it, demanding unconditional surrender and thereby prolonging the war.

Not counting the 20 million or so starved, beaten or otherwise mortally dispatched of the Russian people, the needless war cost America 292,132 dead plus other casualties of half-dead, horribly mutilated or otherwise wounded of 1,079,162. These figures do not count the military and civilian dead and maimed of Britain, France, Germany, Japan and other nations.

The end of the war made many millionaires or billionaires in America, Britain, France etc very happy and even richer but saw Britain divested of its colonies and the "winning" belligerents deeply in a debt so huge that even as it accumulates interest for bankers it will never be paid off.

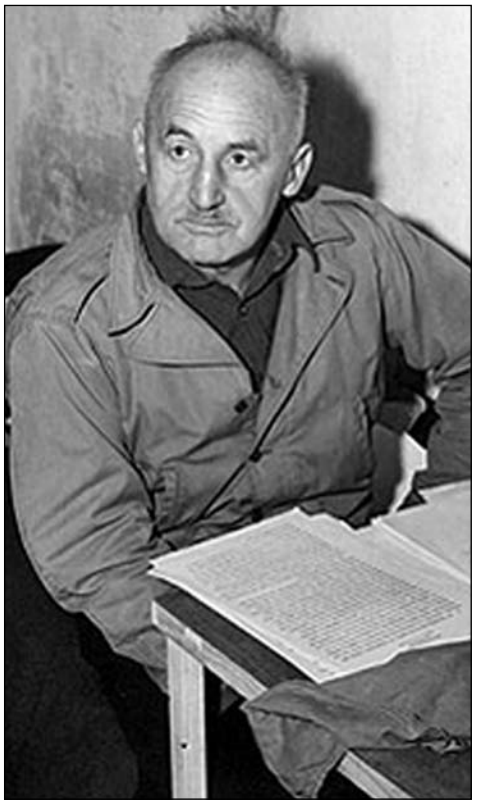
The Jews did well out of the war; it gave them their state of Israel, although Irving says nothing about that in his book.

Many of the Nuremberg defendants were tortured. Those who were hanged were hanged slowly, like "Cattle Kate" [See our lead story.—Ed.] Julius Streicher was horribly tortured and sexually abused before the trial. Others were similarly tortured to get them to confess or to make false charges against others. Irving, to his credit, does talk about this important aspect of the whole charade. But perhaps it should have been emphasized a bit more.

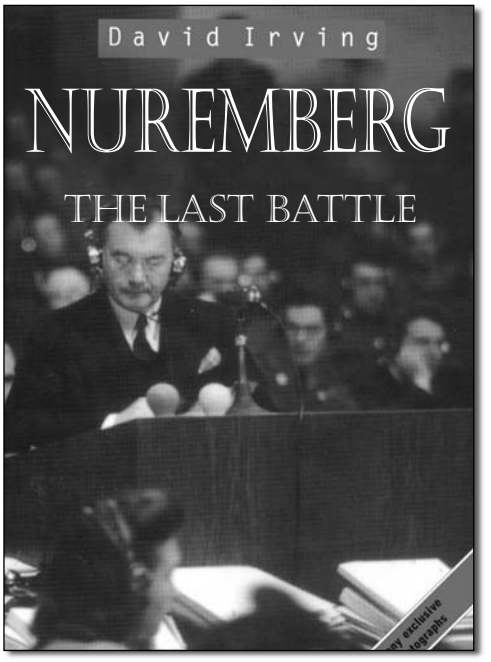
Also there is the matter of the holocaust. Irving talks about it in several places, and while he does call the 6 million figure into question, he never suggests that the holocaust never happened. This is remarkable for a man who is constantly labeled a holocaust denier. It just goes to show that once that label is slapped on you, you can never get it off—rather like when the IRS labels an American citizen a "tax protester" for questioning some aspect of our weird income tax laws. Some labels you can never live down, no matter what the true facts are.

Is there any way in which America profited from the war? No, all of the results have been negative in every way, even aside from the financial cost. The war loosed all of the degenerative and destructive impulses within our country, radically hastening its historical demise. As the American seer Francis Parker Yockey said, after pointing out

The Fraud of Nuremberg



HULTON/GETTY PHOTO ARCHIVE



The vindictiveness of the Allied victors was evident even after the men's deaths. Gruesome photos were made and widely published of the 11 dead men. They did not even allow the families to claim the bodies of their loved ones. They were cremated and their ashes dumped in the Isar River. Of the German martyrs who went to their deaths on the gallows at Nuremberg on October 16, 1946, Streicher alone died solely for his speeches and writings. Streicher, who was not part of the German government during the war, died on the gallows at Nuremberg solely for publishing a newspaper critical of Jews. Streicher had nothing to do with the planning or conduct of World War II yet he was tortured and, some reports claim, sexually abused during his stay in Nuremberg. Left: Streicher in prison; center, the body of Streicher after his 14-minute strangulation on the gallows; right, the cover of David Irving's excellent book on the show trial.

that a power may win a military victory but lose politically:

> The classic example of this in recent history, of course, is England's participation in World War II. England was on the victorious side in the military sense but sustained a total defeat in the political sense. (*Imperium*, 149)

This was because England went to war against a country not really an enemy and therefore could not increase its power. The only victors in World War II were groups that did not participate in it—the international Zionist structure and the third world.

With that as background, *Nuremberg: The Last Battle* takes up the problems encountered by Robert Jackson, America's chief prosecutor, and the other officials who were determined to hang the hierarchy of the Nazi Party who, they were sure (being newspaper readers), started the war and waged it immorally.

This they could not do because for everything Germany had done during the war that was questionable and could be interpreted as against the rules of war, the Allies had also done the same or worse—usually worse.

It turned into an exercise in blatant hypocrisy and dishonesty.

Irving, as a loyal Englishman, characteristically tries to sugarcoat the criminal behavior of his country. The book is full of detail and is well documented and indexed. Irving concludes, "Nuremberg set no precedent in international law."

It is to be assumed that George W. Bush and the shallow-minded pro-Israel advisers around him will not profit from the book, which teaches a valuable lesson that almost anyone should be able to understand. It is that to the victor belong the spoils, including the power to rearrange the postwar world, and no words, no wishes and no philosophy can ever set that aside.

For America, the lesson is more. It is that all participation in wars overseas has always been and will always be a loser. Just as the Founding Fathers taught, our country should mind its own business and deal with our own pressing problems, not the imagined problems of others. We will fail to learn this at our own peril. ❖

David Irving's ***Nuremberg: The Last Battle*** (hardback, 377 pages, #445, $45 minus 10% for TBR subscribers) is available from TBR BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003. Use the ordering form on page 64 inside or call TBR toll free at 1-877-773-9077 to charge a copy to Visa or MasterCard. S&H charges apply: $5 on orders up to $50; $10 on orders from $50.01 to $100; $15 on orders over $100. Outside the U.S. double these S&H charges.To see more hard-to-find books and videos online, visit the TBR website at www.barnesreview.org.

WILLIS A. CARTO is the publisher of THE BARNES REVIEW. Perhaps the most strident and consistent opponent of the meddlesome and destructive nature of world Zionism that America has ever produced, Carto has published more than 200 different books—many considered must reading by American patriots.

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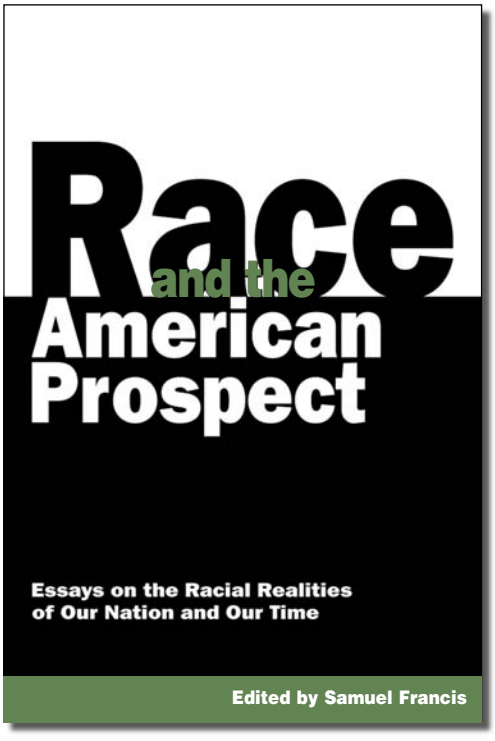

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On June 10, 1944, a German force surrounded the French village of Oradour-sur-Glane in response to attacks by non-uniformed fighters on German soldiers. The Nazis were accused of murdering 642 French civilians in the town, but the truth of the matter is far different from what history books teach us. Charles de Gaulle made sure this myth stayed alive by preserving the town as a sort of trumped-up "perpetual war crimes museum," shown here.

What Happened at Oradour?

WHENEVER AND WHEREVER PEOPLE TALK ABOUT German World War II "war crimes," the key word "Oradour" always comes up. Earlier, "Katyn" was always on the list, whose supposed German authorship was maintained with bitter determination by the left even after 1990, when others had rejected it. The Soviets, under Gorbachev, finally revealed themselves as the culprits, which took care of that case. This article factually explains the events of Oradour and determines that yet another German atrocity story is a hoax.

TRANSLATED FROM *DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE*

If one opens the [German] *Bertelsmann Encyclopedia* under the word "Oradour," one does not learn much: "Oradour-sur-Glane; town in the central French department of Haute-Vienne, 2,000 inhabitants (1990). On June 10, 1944, Oradour was burned down by units of the German Waffen SS as revenge for partisan attacks. Over 600 inhabitants were either shot or burned alive. The village has been rebuilt nearby; the ruins remain as a memorial."

The entry in the *Brockhaus Encyclopedia* corresponds to this one in both content and choice of words. They agree on one key issue; it was a terrible and purely German crime. Merely the reference to an act of vengeance reveals that there is a context here, but it is not explained further.

At the beginning of the year 2002 the school educational program of Bavaria II radio broadcast the emission "Oradour-sur-Glane—a war crime and its aftereffects." In every sense a horrible event, Oradour is seen from the eyes and the experience of a then young man named Marcel Darthout with an emotional presentation that automatically pulls the listener over to the side of this survivor and against the "brutal SS." The listener learns almost nothing about the actual events. Here they are in order.

A PEACEFUL VILLAGE?

Monsieur Darthout knew about the terroristic, brutal methods of the Resistance and of the countermeasures of the German occupiers, who had military law on their side. [The French Resistance was heavily Communist and directed from Moscow; France had a legitimate government under Marshal

Petain that was free except for its foreign policy, which was managed by the Reich.—Ed.]

From January 1943 to March 1944 Communists (dubbed "partisans" by the press) carried out the following acts:

- 1,159 acts of sabotage against cables;
- 4,983 acts of sabotage against the railways;
- 1,440 acts of arson;
- 1,251 attacks against German facilities or German soldiers.

Just in the last three months of the year 1943 attacks against trains and rail connections caused the death of 525 soldiers of the German Wehrmacht, 107 workers of the French railway system and 302 French civilians.

Marcel Darthout knew also of the crimes committed just before in Tulle.

About the events in Tulle of June 7, 1944, which took place just days before the incident at Oradour, the German jurist Hans Luther wrote in *Der franzoesische Widerstand gegen die deutsche Besatzungsmacht* ("French Resistance Against the German Occupation," Tuebingen, 1957):

> When on the morning of June 7, 1944, FTP groups [Communist partisans] attacked the German garrison in Tulle, there were, among the terrorists, foreigners: Poles, Spaniards, and four uniformed Russians, who seemed to be the leaders of the exploit. German troops were bombarded with machine gun fire, grenade launchers and howitzers. After the recapture of the city the corpses of German soldiers were found with bashed-in skulls and gouged-out eyes; the rebels had run trucks over still-living German soldiers, mutilating them to the point of unidentifiability. According to statements some females who accompanied the terrorists—the type of women who always turn up in terrorist movements—had committed extremely reprehensible acts on the corpses of some German soldiers. Some of these dead had to be buried as unknown, since unbelievable facial mutilations had made them unrecognizable. I noticed a dead soldier where both ankles had been drilled through and through the holes a rope had been drawn. In this way he obviously had been dragged. In the case of many dead I found up to six shots through the feet.

An Alsatian who used the pseudonym Sadi Schneid in his *SS-Beutedeutscher—Weg und Wandlung eines Elsaessers* ("German SS Booty: The Path and Transformation of an Alsatian"), Askania-Verlag, Lindhorst, 1979, reported:

> The ground all about was soaked in blood . . . the lifeless, crushed bodies of German soldiers lay all about. The medical corpsman explained to us that there were 40 of them, all gruesomely mutilated. . . . Before the corpsman made us transport away the corpses of the murdered, here he had us button closed a jacket, there close a zipper, and with our help pull up the pants of others.
>
> Once more he explained to us that these *Schweinehunde* ["pig-dogs"] had cut off their male parts and had stuck them in their mouths, then smashed their skulls in with rifle butts.

There are more horrific stories, but these suffice to explain why the SS soldiers were on their guard—and not without reason—and why they were ordered to surround and occupy a "peaceful village." For on June 9 the battalion commander Kaempfe had been kidnapped. Informants had indicated that Oradour was a base used by the Resistance, that there was a weapons depot there and that Kaempfe was being held there.

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A captain Gerlach, who also had been kidnapped but had been able to escape, had reported that he had been held for a time in Oradour.

On top of all this came the affair of transport column number 9,644: according to the results of a Wehrmacht investigation, a Maj. Diekmann, among others, had discovered on the outskirts of Oradour-sur-Glane the remains of a missing German medic team which with all its wounded—drivers and passengers had been tied to the steering wheel—had obviously been burned alive. This was confirmed by the military judge Okrent, who wrote the following in his report of January 4, 1945: "According to a report of the Security Service a Wehrmacht medic team of about 10 men had been surprised by an attack and massacred [in Oradour]."

Oradour was no "peaceful village."

"All these facts prove that the official version of the Oradour drama—the actual causes and the circumstances under which its inhabitants met their death—does not correspond to the facts."

AMBUSH BY THE MAQUISARDS*

The witness P. Zind writes: "[the SS troop] placed observation posts at a distance of about a kilometer around the village while three groups of heavy tanks drove through open fields to provide cover. It was about 2 p.m. and the weather was spectacular. Suddenly a violent firefight began. The maquisards, who had taken up position alongside the church, had just opened up on German trucks, which returned fire. Bullets were whistling in every direction."

The judge D. Okrent wrote in his report of January 4, 1945: "As soon as the company approached [Oradour], it came under fire from rifles and machine guns."

French witnesses confirmed this in court in Bordeaux:

Pierre Tarnaud: "[at the moment when the SS troop entered the village] I was at home, and had a headache, so I had gone to bed. I had hardly arrived in my room when my wife called out: 'Get up, the Germans are everywhere.' I bounded out of bed, went down into the kitchen and heard rifle shots from all sides."

In 1994 a survivor, questioned by V. Reynouard, stated that around 2 p.m. he heard shots that "came from all sides."

Later the SS soldiers found many weapons depots, which were blown up. The judge D. Okrent spoke in his report of January 4, 1945, specifically of these explosions. "The village was set on fire. At this point explosions took place in almost every house coming from hidden ammunition. The explosions were so strong that the officer leading the raid had to pull back his soldiers for security reasons.

CONCLUSION

In contrast to what has been claimed for 60 years, Oradour-sur-Glane was no peaceful location in an area free of the Maquis. The village hid one or several networks of resistance fighters. These networks consisted not only of the local inhabitants, but also of political refugees, mostly Spanish Communists. They had laid up weapons caches in numerous houses. Some ammunition supplies came from the ammunition factory of Bergerac.

The SS troop was in addition aware that their actions in Oradour would not be without danger. This explains their numerous safety measures not only in entering the village but during the whole afternoon of June 10, 1944.

When they searched the village they discovered the corpses of German soldiers, some of whom must have lain there for days. They also found objects that had belonged to German soldiers (such as letters and cards).

In the conviction that only the adult men of Oradour came into question, the Germans brought the women and children for their safety into the church. Then, after they had not received from the men the information they wished—especially the location where Kaempfe was being held and of the weapons depots—they divided them up into six groups and sent them to different locations in the village.

MAQUISARDS CAUSE A BLOODBATH

Around 3:30 p.m. there began the house-to-house search. Around 4 p.m. the church was suddenly shaken by several detonations. Most probably maquisards who had hidden themselves in the steeple had ignited the dynamite kept there to cause general confusion, which they could use for their escape.

The SS men who were watching the women and children believed that the maquisards would now attack, opened fire on their civilian prisoners. Other SS men rushed to the church where firefights erupted between them and the maquisards who were attempting to flee, some of them through the middle window of the east wall.

The church was now the scene of dramatic happenings. There is one sure thing, and that is that every plan came to nil that had been developed up until then. The maquisards ran into the SS men who were outside the church. It came to firefights. Then events followed rapidly one after the other: panic seized the survivors who surged toward the exits, especially in the sacristy. In the basement a further explosion occurred,

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which surely was ignited by the fighting. The floor collapsed. Women and children fell into the flames.

Although the vast majority of the women and children were killed in the church, some survived nevertheless. Years after the drama a German officer of the [post-war German] Bundeswehr who had gone to Oradour in 1963 declared under oath that two women said they had been saved by members of the Waffen SS.

Later a woman revealed that in the early morning of Sunday, the 11th of June 1944, unknown persons had come to take with them a Monsieur Bouby to clean up in the church of Oradour. These clean-up people made everything disappear in the church that an impartial investigative commission could have used to uncover the truth, such as the bodies of maquisards, ammunition etc.

In 1990 a survivor declared to Mr. Reynouard that everyone in the village knew why the SS had come into the village on June 10, 1944, but that out of fear no one dared to say so. He himself had been threatened with death if he talked.

All these facts prove that the official version of the Oradour drama—the actual causes and the circumstances under which its men, women and children met their death—does not correspond to the facts. It can be considered as a piece of luck for historians that some documents—although they do not exactly help reveal the whole truth—aid in uncovering errors and falsifications and help to put together certain pieces of the puzzle.

A SHOW TRIAL FRENCH-STYLE

In the beginning of 1953 a strange trial took place in Bordeaux. Twenty SS members accused of a horrific massacre were released even before the start of the trial and were able to meet in the city for a discussion. During the trial the true circumstances were never mentioned, and if they were, then always in a twisted fashion.

On February 13 the verdict was announced. All the higher officers who were not present and who had not been summoned to the trial (!) were sentenced to death, plus two soldiers who were present; one was pronounced innocent, and the others were sentenced to prison for between five and 12 years.

Because secretly a deal had been made between France and the Federal Republic of Germany (under Adenauer) that none of the sentences should be carried out, all were very quietly released to go home. Part of the deal was the promise of all involved to keep quiet and never to speak about Oradour. The German federal government had to oblige itself to never cast doubt on the judgment (by the French side) and to keep secret the documents that related to it.

With this trick France succeeded first of all in not admitting that the glorious Resistance had committed criminal acts against its own population, and second, and equally important, it succeeded in creating a "martyr village" and thereby an anti-fascist "club" that can be swung when needed against rebellious Germans. And worse, that is swung constantly by the politically correct against those of "indecent" opinion in Germany. ❖

*[The *maquisards*, as the fighters in the *maquis* (French for bush) were called, were politically diverse. Some of them, like the "Red Spaniards" who were former soldiers in the Spanish Civil War, were communists, but in general, the communists had their own resistance organizations, such as the FTP. This was a resistance group, formed by the Communist Party, called the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans. The Communist Party also formed the "Front National," which fought in the resistance.—Ed.]

DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE is a high-quality popular history magazine similar to TBR that likewise appears every other month. Published by the nationalist Druffel Verlag, it must operate within the bounds of German politically correct censorship, but promotes an accurate view of German and Western history.

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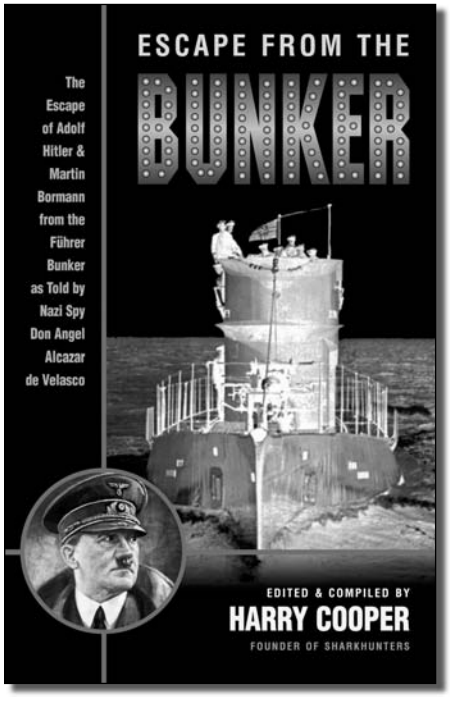
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CHAPTER SEVEN

TIME TO PICK SIDES

The Real Battle for the Survival of Europe Began With the Struggle Against Stalin's Hordes

WAS THERE GOING TO BE ANY FUTURE for the tiny, artificial nation of Belgium—half French and half Dutch—when all the dust had settled from the disaster of World War II? As a Belgian nationalist, Leon Degrelle was very concerned. If bloodthirsty and powerhungry Josef Stalin won, all was lost in any case. But even if the Germans won, and Western civilization survived, what did Hitler intend for little Belgium, Degrelle wondered. He could see but only one solution.

The months around the end of 1940 and the beginning of 1941 were not fun for anyone in Europe, no more in Belgium than anywhere else. Of the Dutch no one spoke. They were doubtless going to be included (as before 1648) in the complex geography of Greater Germany. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg would receive the same fate, to all appearances. As for the French, they had already begun, beneath the ironic eye of the occupiers, to quarrel amongst themselves with a fiery determination that no doubt would have been more useful behind an anti-tank gun in June of 1940.

One month after having laid the foundation for collaboration with Hitler, Marshal Philippe Pétain had tossed his prime minister overboard, one Pierre Laval, whom the Germans in general did not like, and whose dirty nails, yellow teeth and black stubble specifically displeased Hitler, but whose ability, *bonhomie* and skill at horse-trading German Ambassador Otto Abetz (at that time very much in favor at Berchtesgaden) truly appreciated. Laval, sarcastic, chewing the stumps of his cigarettes under his smoke-scorched mustache, had traded barb for barb with *le Maréchal*, treating his president like the old uniform of a former soldier.

So France was a mess, a mess that lasted until the last days of the Vichy government in France, August of 1944, and even outside France, in the Vichy exiles' castle in Sigmaringen in Germany, where the "collaborators" had taken refuge in the somber corridors of a faux feudal signory peopled with enormous, dark suits of armor.

At left, Leon Degrelle as young volunteer in the Waffen SS, Wallonian Division. He chose to enter as a private; Degrelle wanted no special favors.

There remained our situation in Belgium, the most complicated case. I had been able to renew my contacts with King Leopold, a prisoner in the chains of Hitler and in the arms of the family nanny, whom he soon made his wife, promoting her hastily to the rank of princess of Rethy. His secretary, the Baron Capelle, served as our liaison officer to the Reich. The Baron counseled me earnestly on behalf of the sovereign, and I took great care to note these points in writing for my attempts to build some bridges to the victor of 1940.

Ambassador Abetz, a colorful friend with whom I had spent a vacation in southern Germany in 1936 and whose wife had been a student at France's Sacred Heart boarding school with my own spouse, was a very odd soul. Nonconformists particularly pleased him. After my odyssey as a prisoner of the French, he had invited me several times to lunch or dine at his Paris embassy, in the enchanting Queen Hortense Palace on the Rue de Lille.

He had ordered up an entire military band of the Wehrmacht in the palace garden, at the foot of our little table, solely for the pleasure of making a huge musical racket on the Left Bank of the Seine River for the exclusive enjoyment of two young men.

Together, we had studied all the possible futures for Belgium. He had then gone to Berchtesgaden to speak of this problem with the Fuehrer. He had reminded Hitler of his and my interview of 1936, and of the good impression I had made on him at the time. He convinced Hitler to invite me. He told me that a car would come for me shortly, and requested that I be ready to leave for Berchtesgaden at any moment.

I waited.

I would wait three years before finally seeing Hitler again, under the dark pines of the Lithuanian forest one night, when, wounded four times in the course of 17 hand-to-hand combats, and having helped break the Soviet encirclement of Tcherkassy in Ukraine the night before, I had finally been scooped up in Hitler's own plane so that he could place around my neck personally the chain of the Knight's Cross. But three years had been lost.

The meeting Abetz had arranged had fallen through in October 1940, I learned later, because the [Dutch-speaking] Flemish leadership, at the instigation of the German Secret Service—which secretly hoped to split Belgium in two and annex Teutonic Flanders directly to the Reich—had made it known that an understanding between Hitler and a French-speaking Walloon would run into opposition from the Flemish party of Belgium in the north.

It was idiotic and absolutely untrue. In 1936 I had gotten almost as many votes in Dutch-speaking Flanders as in French-speaking Wallonia. And an accord with the leaders of the Flemish nationalists themselves in 1937 had coordinated our political outlooks and our plan of action. But since the German espionage services claimed at Berchtesgaden that an agreement with me would cause violent clashes between members of different linguistic groups right in a battle zone, the chief location of the air war going on between the Luftwaffe and the RAF, Hitler postponed the negotiations until later. It was an impasse and also total darkness for me.

"Hitler finally received Leopold, but coldly. He had divulged nothing. The interview was limited to the doling out of lukewarm tea; it would have been more illuminating to have read the fate of Belgium in the tealeaves."

After the cancellation of my interview, King Leopold himself tried, despite all opposition around Hitler, to meet the ruler of the European continent. His sister, the hereditary princess of Italy, was the wife of Italy's Crown Prince Humberto, who was at that time a privileged ally of the Reich. This powerfully built, long-legged and clear-eyed woman had marched down to Berchtesgaden to persuade Hitler to meet her brother, Belgium's king, with the determination women know how to muster, sometimes misguidedly.

Hitler finally received Leopold III, but coldly. He divulged nothing. The interview was limited to the doling out of lukewarm tea; it would have been more illuminating to have read the fate of Belgium in the tea leaves. The failure had been complete. Everything we did during the winter of 1940-1941 to thaw the German iceberg towering on our shores led nowhere. Even our Rexist successes, notably those gained during a huge meeting I held at the Sports Palace after New Years 1941, had no result other than a few banal accounts in the *Voelkischer Beobachter.*

Deep down, did Hitler himself know then what he wanted? As Gen. Charles de Gaulle would say in May 1968, when the student revolt at the Sorbonne had almost toppled him, "the situation was 'unseizeable.'" Was the war with the British going to be prolonged? Or, as Gen. Weygand said and believed, was the United Kingdom going to fall to its knees suddenly, crushed by fire and sword?

And the Soviets? Molotov, inquisitive under his round eyeglasses, had come in October of 1940 to Berlin, bringing to Hitler, besides the strange spectacle of looking like a traveling salesman in pants puffed out like tires, an extensive menu of items that Stalin intended to bestow on himself in short order. The armies of the Third Reich had no sooner swept through half of Europe than the Soviets claimed for themselves, with no risk and no expense, the other half of the continent. Already, profiting by the Polish campaign in 1939, Stalin had gobbled up the three free Baltic states in one snap of his strong teeth, the greedy swine. He had done it again in June 1940, devouring Bessarabia. What he was demanding now was no less than complete control of the Balkans.

Hitler had been the No. 1 enemy of the Soviets. Very reluctantly, in August 1939, to avoid a two-front war, he had taken a break from his life's struggle against Communism. But it was impossible that he should allow the Soviets to install themselves on the very border of the continent he had just succeeded in pulling together. The menace was undeniable. The danger was not only great, but glaringly obvious: Hitler could not let himself be trapped by a Soviet attack from the East on the Reich if someday he were to suffer a serious military setback in the West. He had to be ready to anticipate a treacherous attack; with every threat coming out of Molotov's little yellow weasel mouth there could be no doubt about the need for prudence.

Deciding to make the first move, Hitler secretly put in motion the preparations for the gigantic Operation Barbarossa, the details confided to Gen. Friedrich Paulus, the future loser of Stalingrad. Meanwhile everything in Europe remained undecided. The internal divisions in France and the rapid disintegration of Hitler's policy of rapprochement with Pétain had meant to him that he should let time pass and affairs in the Occident settle down. The morale of the various peoples in the west was collapsing. Conflicts among different races, languages, clans and ambitions gnawed away at them, without one great deed, or at least a great hope, to lift them up.

To me it was clear: two or three years of such stagnation, and Belgium would be ripe for liquidation, for the absorption, more or less brazen, of the Flemings into a united Germany, the Walloons being cast aside, impotent, neither French nor Germans, and ending with the silent elimination of King Leopold, now totally invisible, separated from his people, navigating between his empty library and a nursery less solitary but which, all the same, led nowhere politically.

Did I hope to see Hitler again? There was not even a question of meeting anymore. Did I hope to discuss matters with his minions in Brussels? They had no power to discuss matters. They were, moreover, puffed up with the self-importance of victorious military men parleying from on high with defeated civilians. We detested

By the end of WWII Leon Degrelle's SS Wallonian Division was the "crack of the crack." Why were they willing to sacrifice their lives to fight the Soviets? Leon Degrelle, commander of the Wallonian Division of the Waffen SS, said it was to preserve "the Europe of Virgil and Ronsard, the Europe of Erasmus and Nietzsche, of Raphael and Duerer, the Europe of Ignatius and Saint Theresa, of Frederick the Great and Napoleon." Here Degrelle congratulates some of his troops for their success in battle. Left, a Wallonian patch.

each other with equal intensity. I needed to get enough power, one day, to talk on equal terms with Hitler and the victorious Reich. But how? The political horizon remained hopelessly impenetrable

It was then that, suddenly, on June 22, 1941, the preventive war against the Soviets was launched, accompanied by Hitler's appeal for volunteers from all over Europe for a combat that would no longer be the Germans' fight alone, but one of Europeans united. For the first time since 1940, a European plan was offered.

Race off to the Eastern Front?

To all appearances, it would not be the modest contingent of Belgians we could raise that would make Stalin bite the dust. Among the millions of combatants we would be only a handful.

But our courage would make up for our small number. Nothing prevented us from fighting like lions, from comporting ourselves with exceptional valor, so that the enemies of yesterday would realize that their comrades in combat today were strong, that their people were not unworthy, and that one day, in the new Europe, they would be a vigorous element, worthy to have their share of it.

Besides, there was no other solution.

Of course, the Allies might win the war instead, but, frankly, how many citizens of occupied Europe in the autumn of 1940 and the beginning of 1941 believed that was possible? Ten percent? Five percent? Was this 5 percent more lucid than we? What proof was there? The Americans, without whom a defeat of the Third Reich was not even imaginable, were just observing, like a goat chewing cabbage.

Public opinion over there remained, for the most part, strongly isolationist. All the opinion polls in the United States made that fact clear, and each new poll confirmed it more. As for the Soviets, who could have imagined in 1941 that the hated regime would be as stable as it turned out to be? Churchill himself had declared to his close friends that the liquidation of Russia by Germany would be a matter of a few weeks.

The most probable outcome, in the eyes of most Europeans in 1941, was that Hitler would win, that he would become "the master of Europe for a thousand years," just as Spaak had predicted. In that

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case, it was not by getting bogged down in the troubled and sterile swamp of wait-and-seeism in Brussels, Paris and Vichy that laurels could be won which would ensure the vanquished of 1940 a position in history befitting the virtues and abilities of their countries.

Understanding this, it was a question of setting an example. I was not going to encourage my faithful followers to run off to battle between Murmansk and Odessa without being among them, without sharing with them the suffering and dangers of combat. I enlisted as a simple soldier, so that the lowest ranking of our comrades would see that I shared with him his pains and misfortunes. I did not even inform the Germans of my decision.

Two days after I had announced my action publicly, a telegram from Hitler arrived announcing that he was making me an officer. I refused immediately. I was going to Russia to earn the right to discuss honorably, one day, the conditions of the survival of my country, and not in order to receive, before the first shot was fired, epaulettes that were nothing but operetta trimmings.

Later (through four grueling years of combat) I became, in turn, a corporal, then a sergeant, then an officer, then a superior officer, but each time it would be for "acts of valor in combat." In the course of 60 hand-to-hand fights, I had dipped my future epaulettes in the blood of seven wounds. "I won't see Hitler," I predicted as I was leaving for the front, "until he places the Knight's Cross around my neck."

And that's exactly how it happened, three years later. At that moment I could speak plainly, having been wounded many times over, decorated many times, having made a breach in the Soviet front at Tcherkassy through which 11 German divisions escaped encirclement. And I would obtain from Hitler—the written proof for this exists—a statute granting to my country, in the heart of the new Europe, a place and opportunities superior to any it had known before, even in the most glorious era of its history under the dukes of Burgundy and under Charles V. Of the existence of these accords there is not the least doubt. The French ambassador André François-Poncet, who was certainly not fond of me, published them in *Le Figaro*, with all the maps.

Hitler, of course, was ultimately defeated. Thus our accord, obtained at the price of so much suffering, so much blood, and in spite of so many ankle-biters, remained fruitless. But the opposite could have happened. Eisenhower wrote in his *Memoirs* that even at the beginning of 1945 there was still a possibility that Hitler would win. (In war, until the last shot is fired everything remains possible.) Besides, we did not prevent Belgians who believed in the London solution from sacrificing themselves just as we did, and so they and we ensured the renewal and resurrection of our countries in the case of either side's victory.

They would not have had an easy road, any more than we did,

Belgian Waffen SS Gen. Leon Degrelle was an individual of exceptional intellect, dedicated to Western Culture. What Degrelle has to say, as an eyewitness to some of the key events in the history of the 20th century, is vastly important within the historical and factual context of his time and has great relevance to the continuing struggle today for the survival of civilization as we know it. This latest chapter of the valuable works of Gen. Degrelle has been translated by ***John Nugent***, a longtime European-American rights activist, former Marine machine-gunner, linguist and writer and ***Margaret Huffstickler***.

In February 1944, following the Cherkassy battle, Hitler personally decorated Leon Degrelle with the Knight's Cross, which was quite a rare thing. Perhaps only 20 men received the Knight's Cross from Hitler personally. Degrelle had become a friend of Hitler and was Germany's most decorated foreigner when he received the Oak Leaves to the Knight's Cross. After the war he escaped to Spain.

confronted with traps and intrigues of all kinds. The example of de Gaulle: the sly persecutions by the British and especially the Americans that he was subjected to, the humiliations he had to swallow, must have been similar to the difficulties we had to endure many times at the hands of the Germans before our cause could command respect.

In London, just as in our situation, it was necessary to stay the course, not let oneself be intimidated, and identify completely, always, with the needs of one's own people. In spite of the dangers it was useful—I was about to say, indispensable—that from the two sides the nationalists try their two chances, so that the homeland would survive, whatever the final outcome of the conflict. There was no reason, however, for those who found themselves at the side of the winners in 1945 to cut the throats of the others.

Very diverse motives, then, animated our minds and hearts when we departed, rucksack on back, for the Eastern Front. We were leaving, as our first and official objective, to combat Communism. But the fight against Communism could very well have done without us. We were leaving also, our second objective and, in fact, the essential one in our eyes, not exactly to fight for the Germans, but to make a name for ourselves with the Germans, who, drunk with the pride of innumerable victories, might otherwise have treated those of us in the occupied countries offhandedly. Some of them already behaved that way, and their hypocrisy frequently scandalized us. After the epic battles of the Russian front, it became more difficult for them to continue to sabotage the people's representatives who had fought courageously beside their armies in a combat that united us all.

We were going to live through some horrible years in Russia, to know, physically and morally, a Calvary that has no name. In the history of men, there has never been a war so atrocious, fought in endless snows, and in endless mud. Often starving, without ever resting, we were overwhelmed with squalor, with wounds, with sufferings of all kinds. To finally end up in a disaster that swallowed up our youth and annihilated our lives. But what counts in life? The new world will not come into being except through the purification of the self.

We gave ourselves. Even the seemingly useless gift is never completely so. It will find its significance someday. The immense martyrdom of millions of soldiers, the long death rattle of a youth that sacrificed itself totally on the Russian front, has provided Europe in advance the spiritual compensation indispensable to her renewal.

A Europe of shopkeepers would certainly not have sufficed. We needed a Europe of heroes as well. This Europe would be created before the return of the shopkeeper civilization. A united, heroic Europe would come into being through four years of indescribable suffering. ❖

Epic: Degrelle's History of the Waffen SS

EPIC: The Story of the Waffen SS. Narrated by the legendary hero of the Waffen SS, General Leon Degrelle, the video gives a complete historical background leading up to WWII. This is the story of the incredible and almost unknown (in the U.S.) fighting force. We learn how and why it was started, the non-German, European men who joined this elite army of 1 million volunteers to fight communism and its many victories won against stiff odds. A documentary that will enlighten and astound you. English voice-over. #117, VHS color, 90 minutes, ***$22.95*** minus 10% for TBR subscribers. Call toll free at 1-877-773-9077 to charge to Visa or MasterCard.

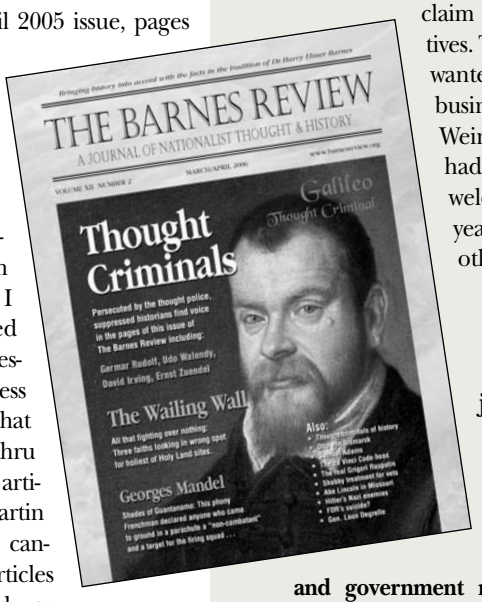
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TBR: Chapter 7 of Leon Degrelle's *MY REVOLUTIONARY LIFE*

In the next issue of TBR you'll read Chapter 7 of Gen. Leon Degrelle's *My Revolutionary Life*, entitled "The Tramways of Moscow." The indomitable Eastern Front fighter details what the Germans did perfectly in Operation Barbarossa, the invasion of the USSR and how Mussolini's debacle in Greece may have lost the whole war. The Germans advance nevertheless to where they can see the streetcars of Moscow, and surge forward during the coldest Russian winter in 150 years.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jailhouse Conspiracy

The reason I am writing is twofold. First, I have decided to subscribe. Second, I am writing to let you know your magazine is going through a "media review committee" here at the Auburn Correctional Facility and that they are censoring it and denying certain segments from being allowed. In the issue I received, the March/April 2005 issue, pages 43, 49, 70 and 71 were denied to me. The reason stated was: "Incites violence based on race, religion, nationality."


THE BARNES REVIEW
A JOURNAL OF NATIONALIST THOUGHT & HISTORY
Thought Criminals
Persecuted by the thought police, suppressed historians find voice in the pages of this issue of The Barnes Review including:
Germar Rudolf, Udo Walendy, David Irving, Ernst Zuendel
The Wailing Wall
Georges Mandel
Galileo
Thought Criminal
Also:

Of course they never stated which "race, religion, nationality," so I am perplexed as to which one I am supposedly incited against. The articles in question dealt with an eyewitness account of the horrors that the German people went thru after World War II and an article on the legacy of Martin (Michael) Luther King. I cannot imagine what these articles could have said that could warrant such an opinion to allow them to decide what would incite me or any other person. I find this very ironic since I receive the *USA Today* newspaper, *Newsweek* magazine and watch the World News every day and yet I have never felt the slightest anger against anyone that would incite me to violence. I see that the Muslims are still killing Americans in Iraq and Afghanistan and I harbor no ill will toward any of the Muslims walking around this prison because of what their brethren are doing.

I was not aware that our First Amendment rights were abrogated or that prisoners are not allowed to read or hear the truth. My concern is that with every issue I receive they will try to find something that they feel I should not be made aware of, or that goes contrary to their own personal morals.

I hope you will look into this and possibly take action against this practice. I do not think anything written in your magazine deserves to be censored under any circumstances. In fact, they have what is called the "Dumont stipulation" that was fought and won by inmates against Auburn and Clinton correctional facilities that basically states that anything that is challenged by the "media review committee" is supposed to be forwarded to the publisher so that they may be heard on whether the material being denied is justified or not. In other words, you can defend your magazine and state why it should not be denied. I apologize for such a lengthy letter but I am seriously mad about this and it is very difficult to fight from in here. Outside influence carries much more weight than we can apply. I just wanted to apprise you of the situation here and let you know there are people who firmly believe in and stand behind you.

LARRY RENDELL
Auburn, New York

(We shall investigate this matter by asking our attorney to provide a report on what action we may take and what damages we have as a result of this atrocious violation of the First Amendment. We are sending Mr. Rendell a letter to that effect for the prison authorities.—Ed.)

Questions on Abraham Lincoln & the Strasser Brothers

Thanks for the outstanding March/April issue [shown left] and the educational, fierce and inspiring editorial on "Thought Criminals" by John Tiffany. However, two articles were in my opinion not up to your standard. The first is by Clint E. Lacy, wherein he blames "Marxist Germans" for winning the war for "Marxist" Abe Lincoln.

The other article, by Troy Southgate, was advocating "National Bolshevism." [Southgate's article explained how the Strasser brothers broke with Hitler's National Socialism on the claim that it was too pro-business and friendly with reactionary conservatives. They considered themselves Social Nationalists.—Ed.] The Strassers wanted perpetual revolution—against the nobility, the upper class, big business and landowners—which was criminal since Germany, after Weimar, needed peace and harmony among the whole nation. Hitler had the far better solution: to use everyone in their proper place and weld them into an unprecedented, cohesive force, which he did in six years of peace and in six years of war; there is no comparison with any other time in world history.

GUENTER WILD
Caledonia East, Ontario

[While Karl Marx did publish his *Communist Manifesto* in 1847, just before freedom-seeking Germans first began moving *en masse* to the United States in 1848-1849, and Marx did endorse Abraham Lincoln's war against the South during the "Civil War," there is no evidence that most German emigrants, or Lincoln, were ever Marxists in any sense. Some, especially in Wisconsin, were what we today would call "Democrats," believing in social programs and government monitoring of the behavior of private businesses—all normal American viewpoints today. German immigrants and their sons founded some of America's most famous corporations: Westinghouse, Boeing, Kraft, Weyerhaeuser, Bechtel, Diebold, Doppler, Heinz, Hilton, Hoover, Kemper, Mack, Maytag, Mosler, Reese, Schick, Schlage, Stouffer, the businesses of arch-capitalists John Jacob Astor and today's Donald Trump, and many, many more. TBR stands for freedom of speech, and this of course applies to all sincere opinions about Adolf Hitler. The Strasser and Ernst Roehm revolts against Hitler were extensive events, and do reflect a whole school of thought that has never died out within the anti-Zionist, euro-nationalist movement worldwide.—Ed.]

Hitler's Mentor?

I would like to see more articles on Mussolini and his Blackshirts. After all, Hitler did copy a lot from his mentor. I did enjoy reading about Mussolini and the A-bomb in TBR Vol. XI, No. 2.

JOHN KEATON
Parina Heights, Ohio

Liked "Old White Man" Story

In going through some TBRs to decide which ones were most suitable for graduation presents, I was struck by "An Old White Man," by James P. Tucker, in the July/August 2005 issue. It evoked memories of one of the fine speeches of the late Dr. Medford S. Evans, also his articles and books. I heard Evans say: "Washington, D.C. had good schools for blacks and good schools for whites. Now it has neither." I mailed copies of Tucker's *Bilderberg Diary* to nine friends. Acknowledgments came from two ladies only. It shows you the decline of manners in America today.

Mrs. M.P. Wehling
Granger, Texas

British Crimes Against Germans

Although a few articles have appeared in the past regarding the vile treatment of some Germans after WWII, these mostly concerned acts committed by Americans. But Ian Cobain has written an important article in *The Guardian*, December 17, 2005, "The interrogation camp that turned prisoners into living skeletons" about a German spa that became a forbidden village where KGB-like techniques were used. At last a small glimpse of the goings-on in the British Zone of occupation has come to light from official documents. This opens a real can of worms, as the real purpose of these camps was to obtain "evidence," through torture and starvation, to be used in the coming war crimes trials.

The text also mentions a "Camp 020," near Richmond in Surrey, which was called Hamm Common. It was first used on leading members of Mosley's British Union in 1940. These were Englishmen detained without charge or trial. Starvation, excessive heat and cold exposure, sleep deprivation and threats to kill their families were used.

Keith Thompson
Hockley, England

Russian Jewish Mafia

Dr. M. Raphael Johnson's conclusion to "The Judeo-Russian Mafia" (May/June 2006) edified me because your list of recommendations imply you recognize Putin as the powerful statesman I was astonished to see emerge. Then your recognition of the church as highly prestigious, calling on Russians to repent, did surprise me because sensible assessments of religion's potential power are so rare. I think your conclusion encompasses our only possible deliverance from the ascendancy of globalist evil, namely, the return by populations to performance of religious duties, which return demands leadership.

The routine difficulty of addressing Jewish perfidy is the anti-Semite abyss where people balk at the injustice of condemning Jews generally. This derives from the fact that Jewishness is never clearly defined. Within or without Judaism people think that a Jew is Hebrew, innocent and victim, and that Judaism is a religion, starting with Abraham or Moses, which denies Jesus was the messiah. I call this satanic fraud, and observe that Judaism started as anti-Christianity and has no positive institutional integrity of its own. It is anti-religion, inflicting maddening guilt as its defining characteristic, and guilt deflection as the definitive Jew's obsession—manifested as hatred of humanity or the host society. You noted the Jewish mafia's remarkable beastliness as quite beyond ethnic criminal "business." This is really hate, deriving from despair of any enduring good from life. This despair in turn derives from the supposed Christ killers' unmentionable but false fear of divinely cursed blood. Though true religion is discredited, this uniquely Judaic fear is also an enticement into the mentality of hatred of self, humanity, life and God, which most Jews reject in the hard process of assimilation, but which the few Jews accept who constitute the leading, the most motivated, the most determined echelons of organized crime-within and above governments.

Though little can be done at this time, for the beast is too entrenched, I am convinced that freeing Jews from the guilt that freezes them with fear of criminal insanity is prerequisite to destroying the foundation of what I call the World Hate Establishment. I recommend my mercifully brief www.jews-tribulation.com.

Michael McDonnell
Via e-mail

I Fought in the Huertgen Forest Battle

I just now read "Hell in the Huertgen Forest" (September/October TBR 2006) which was accurate and deeply engrossing to me. I am one of the U.S. soldiers who fought in that battle. My unit was the Eighth Infantry Division, where I was a forward observer with the 121st Infantry Regiment and later a cannoneer with the Third Artillery Battalion. We were stationed on the outskirts and later in the town of Huertgen. I wish to add the following comments to the article by Mr. Nugent: 1) The nickname of our sister division, the 28th, was "The Bloody Bucket," to correlate with its heavy casualties. 2) There was another division involved, the 104th, called the "Timberwolf Division," which saw tremendous action. 3) Our original division general when the battle began in Sept. 1944 was Gen. Weaver, an elderly West Point graduate who was relieved of command, due to extraordinary losses, around New Year's Day, 1945. 4) On Christmas Day 1944, there was an unofficial, un-proclaimed but well-observed American-German truce. It began at 6 p.m. on Christmas Eve. We heard Christmas carols that drifted over the battlefield; the Germans had their phonographs and loudspeakers. We had only a harmonica and a few guitars.

FRIEDRICH LENGFELD

It seemed so strange and hypocritical that we should be observing Christmas for 36 hours while shooting at each other the rest of the time. In the moonlit forest and on the cold battlefront, we all did wonder, "What is this war all about?" while reflecting on the meaning of loving one's fellow man. On December 26 it was back to business, killing, as usual. Naturally, with the prevailing view here that Germans were "cruel and ruthless," one incident has long gone unmentioned. I hope you will write about the heroic German lieutenant Friedrich Lengfeld (pictured), killed while attempting to save a wounded U.S. soldier in the middle of a minefield.

Hugo A. Tringali
Palm Springs, California

[We thank Mr. Tringali for his letter, belatedly published here, which led to our publicizing the inspiring Lengfeld story in the March/April 2006 TBR.—Ed.]

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